

THE
BEGGAR GIRL
AND
Her Benefactors.



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Her Benefactors.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BENNETT,

*AUTHOR OF WELCH HEIRESS, JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS, AGNES DE-COURCEL,
AND ELLEN COUNTESS OF CASTLE HOWELL.*

—○○○○—
A poem, a drama, a novel, which represents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters, who act without his perceiving it; they become interesting, and the author inculcates morality without seeming to mention it.

LE MERCIER.

VOL. V.

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BEGGAR GIRL

AND

Her Benefactors.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

BY MISS F. L. L. M. T. T.

AS HERD OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, IN 1840.



A story, written in a novel style, which contains a lively
and interesting account of the life and adventures of a young
person, who, after a long and eventful career, ends her
career in a happy and successful manner.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

VOL. V.

CHAP. I.

Page.

"If these characters do not take, I shall wonder;

"If they do, I shall wonder not less."

1

CHAP. II.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,

"Have oft times no connexion: Knowledge dwells

"In heads replete with thoughts of other men;

"Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

On which authority the author assures her young readers, wisdom and love are synonymous terms. 35

CHAP. III.

"A Begging Box," addressed to those accomplished Authors, who prove the abundance of their own superior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confusion of tongues, beseeching them to bestow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Tasso, for page 77. 66

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IV.

Page

- " If there be a style which never becomes obsolete,—a certain
 " mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the
 " analogy and principles of its respective language, as to
 " remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to
 " be sought in the common intercourse of life, among
 " those who speak only to be understood, without ambi-
 " tion of elegance." 97

CHAP. VI.

- " Human nature is never so debased, as when ignorance is
 armed with power and inflated with pride." 130

CHAP. VII.

- The Beggar begins to grow familiar with great houses
 and fine manners. 158

CHAP. VIII.

- " Oh friendship, thou soother of the human breast; to thee
 " we fly in every calamity; from thee, the wretched
 " seek for succour; on thee, the care-tired son of misery
 " fondly rests; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate
 " hope relief, and may be sure of disappointment!" 195

CHAP. IX.

- What befel the Beggar at Mount Pleasant, and shew-
 ing the Wisdom, if not the Politeness of the old
 Adage, " Look before you leap." 236

CHAP. X.

- History of a Wooden Leg. 277

THE

BEGGAR GIRL.

CHAP. I.

“ If these characters do not take, I shall wonder ;

“ If they do, I shall wonder not less.”

CAPTAIN SEAGROVE having informed Mr. Montreville of the important and accidental discovery made by Christiana, a discovery of equal consequence to his interest and honor ; and having besides, as he said, strained his old timbers by riding all night,

was no less surprised than offended to find nothing was at that moment further from Mr. Montreville's thoughts than getting into the chaise, which waited at the door, and returning with him immediately to the Grange.

Mr. Montreville indeed, expressed, and felt the most lively satisfaction at having obtained the ultimate proof of his mother's honor and his own legitimacy; yet as the delay of a few hours could injure neither the one cause nor the other, he declared he could not be guilty of such an act as to leave the old woman, with her compound fracture, nor the young one, with that tenderness of heart which implicated her in the unfortunate accident, till he saw how it would terminate.

The Captain's esteem was without profession, and his love without flattery; he had no sort of curiosity to see how the *accident would terminate*; he was sorry it had happened, and willing to lend all the assistance in his power; but the demands of humanity being satisfied, he was himself anxious, and thought it natural his young friend should be more so, about the
termi-

termination of the events at the Grange, than any thing which concerned either the old or the young woman.

“ So,” said he, in a surly under tone, “ only a few hours back you were resolved to prove your mother spliced to your father, if you went to the devil for witnesses ; now one of his worst imps, in the shape of a wicked parson, runs foul of ye, and you are as dumb as an oyster, and willing and ready to slacken your sails, as if you were afraid to grapple with that son of a gun of a lord ; besides leaving your old grandfather, with all his signals of distress out, to founder, while you run on a lee shore, without sail or compass, in chace of an old crazy hulk, and a little cock boat, not worth ballast, under false colours.”

“ To founder !” repeated Montreville.

“ Oy oy, ’twas, my word, younker, the owld boy has been keeping watch ever since you slipped your cable, and so if you won’t hail him with a word of comfort, why, I wool, that s all, and so good bye t’ye, good bye t’ye.”

Mr. Montreville hesitated; a sentiment perfectly new, coloured his cheek; he felt the strong ties of real affection and gratitude, which bound him to his venerable grandfather and his heart smote him; at a time when an event so un hoped, so unexpected, as the discovery of the only man, among the myriads who inhabit the globe happened; him whose single evidence must flash confusion on a host of the slanderous enemies of his mother, and usurpers of the rights of her son, and when the old officer's heart must swell in the proud certainty of establishing the honor of his family; at such a moment the absence of his heir would doubly affect him; this Mr. Montreville felt, and his reason acknowledged; yet such was the irresistible bias of his mind, nothing could prevail on him to leave Pontefract till he saw *how the accident would terminate.*

This, he endeavoured to persuade the Captain, and to believe himself, the old Admiral would not entirely condemn, as it was founded on his own favorite maxim, of assisting all who were in distress.

“None

"None of your palaver," cried the Captain, striding towards the chaise, "will you bear me company or not?"

"I will write three lines, if you will have the goodness to carry it."

The Captain not deigning an answer, cursed the postillions for not drawing the chaise up in an horizontal line, and very devoutly consigning his young friend, the old hulk, the cock boat under false colours, the doctors, and the whole town to a warm birth, bid them drive to the devil, and was in a minute out of sight.

Montreville retired from the door, with that sort of pang at his heart ingenuous minds are subject to feel, when an internal monitor whispers its secret censure on either motive or act.

"Yes," said he, "the honest Captain is right; I inflict pain on the most respectable of parents, at the instant I should be sharing his triumph and exulting in my own. Has then my soul's most ardent wish subsided! do I sacrifice the fame of my noble mother! do I cease to feel for the honor of her aged father!

ther! am I become indifferent to the most momentous concern of my existence! the good Admiral expects me; he, no doubt, believes, the moment I hear the vivifying tidings I shall fly to his feet; how just, how natural, are such expectations! yet I disappoint them, and for what?"

Rosa, in all the bloom of beauty, and all the grace of elegance, rushed before his mind's eye; and her dulcet voice reproaching him for the treasonable——
“for what,” vibrated on his ear,——“for what! ah! is there such a creature in the world! can she belong to the woman for whose misfortunes she feels so much; and if not, is it not likely she also will leave Pontefract,——leave *me* without a single clue, except her uncommon charms, to trace her by; and can I for ever relinquish the hope of again meeting so lovely, so perfect a creature? blest shade of my revered mother, your son abates not of his ardour,——resentment for your wrongs still glows in his heart; but a little while only till he sees *how the accident will terminate*, forgive him.

One

One of love's first miracles is to extract excess of pleasure from excess of pain; that miracle was this night wrought in the heart of Montreville; from the secret reproach of neglected duty, from the pain of self-accusation, what a delightful transition, to meditate on charms so admired.

"Yet it is not," he cried, "beauty alone that renders me thus anxious to know more of Miss Walsingham; no! beauty might arrest my transient attention, it might attract my eye, but it is grace of animation, the blush of ingenuity, the union of sense and sentiment, and nothing can be more amiable, more celestial, more worthy adoration than the charming stranger."

How fine was all this! it had every thing on its side but common sense! since Rosa, pre-occupied, filled with apprehension, and distracted by secret conflicts between shame and duty, never shewed her mental perfections to less advantage; and however Mr. Montreville might please to settle it with himself, in the sublime contempt of mere

beauty, certain it is, that the lovely figure and beautiful face, which had captivated his sight and floated on his fancy, was insensibly winding round his heart, before he could pronounce with justice on her grace, ingenuity, sense, or sentiment.

But while Mr. Montreville was thus arguing with his own feelings, Rosa, no less divided between her wishes and her duty, sat silent, dejected, and almost hopeless, by Mrs. Garnet's bed side, her mind by turns torn with fears for the life of a mother whose ill qualities were now no longer remembered; and oppressed at once with a humiliating sense of her inferiority to the family of the Grange, a resentful recollection of their rude treatment, and an unconquerable disposition to believe Mr. Montreville could not share the manners of those to whom he was so near allied in blood.

But however blameless he might be, and however gratifying his attention, the inference which might be drawn from it in a country, where she could not but suppose her
ad-

adventure had excited some curiosity; the scorn of the old Admiral; the contempt of his friends; the sneer of his connexions, which considering her humble state, it must be expected would be opposed to the respect he paid her, together with the continued repugnance she felt to disclose to him her affinity to Mrs. Garnet, struck so forcibly on her mind, that she resolved nothing, no, not the fear of being known to be the daughter of the wretched woman, whose groans went to her heart, should induce her to abandon her in her present state.

She also had just resolved to discourage an acquaintance to which must be attached so many mortifying, and perhaps injurious consequences; when soon after day break a soft tap at the chamber door, and Mr. Montreville's whispered entreaty to be favoured with an audience of five minutes, put her late formed resolution to an immediate test; her heart beat, her cheek betrayed a confusion for which he could not account, and her cold but steady refusal both hurt and surprised him; he looked earnestly inquisitive, as if to

explore the secret motive of a conduct, which considering the zeal he had shewn in protecting her from violence, appeared rude, if not ungrateful.

Rosa shrunk from the inquisition of his eyes, and fearful of his discovering what passed in her distracted mind, offered an apology, which more confounded him than any part of her mysterious conduct: "She considered it as her duty to devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet."

That poor woman's state was indeed pitiable enough; but what motive could induce so elegant a creature as Rosa to sacrifice, or at least, suspend the innate delicacy which spoke in every act, and risk her health, to say nothing of his own deprivation, by fixing herself in the sick chamber of such a woman as Mrs. Garnet, who was only a casual travelling acquaintance, he could not comprehend, and again his eyes sought hers.

Seized with a sudden fear he would penetrate her secret, she retreated from the door, and gently closed it, leaving him in a statue of wonder on the outside.

After a moment's pause he determined in his own mind, that such incomprehensible mystery and contradiction must cover deceit, and admitted, with a mixture of regret and mortified pride, that appearances were such as strongly impeached the infallibility of his judgment, when it decided on the merit of an object, whom at that instant he thought destitute of every good quality; he hastily returned to his chamber, and ringing the bell with such violence as to break the wire, ordered a chaise to the door in a moment.

"Yes, your honor," said the waiter, without moving.

"This moment," he repeated; and the man flew to execute his order.

"Devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet! well, he would not interrupt such agreeable society," and he threw himself into an arm chair, where he continued musing in silence till the chaise was announced, and till his whole ideas had undergone so complete a revolution, that he ordered it to wait, and breakfast to be brought in.

“ Can then this creature,” said he, stirring the sugar into boiling water instead of the tea, “ so frank, so gentle, so polished, can she, as Seagrove said, carry false colours? can she be the voluntary associate of vulgar inebriety? impossible!” and he rung a hand bell, which was brought in with the tea things, for the chamber maid; the girl had made half a dozen courtesies before he observed her.

“ How is that old woman?” he asked.

“ That braked her lag, Sir?” she is as well as can be expected; I just axed the young lady who—”

“ Where is *she*?”

“ In the old gentlewoman’s room, Sir; dear heart, she has not been abed all night; and, poor young gentlewoman, she cries and takes on so; I just popped my head in as softly as a mouse, and there, if your honor will believe me, I never was so frightened in all my life.”

“ Frightened! at what?”

“ Why

“Why, there, Sir, if you’ll believe me, there I ketch’d her.”

“Ketch’d her! who, what, what did you ketch!”

“Dear me, I hope your honor be not angry with me; I am sure I mean no hurt; but to be sure ’twas a terrifying fight for so young a gentlewoman.”

Montreville had sent for this girl to feed a lover-like curiosity; he longed to hear what, though possible to be true, it was impossible for him to believe, or believing, would make him hate both informer and information; and found himself so interested in the discovery which had frightened the poor chamber maid, that he bid her go on, in a voice scarce audible, and listened in eager attention, till the girl’s astonishment, which seemed to increase on recollecting every particular of the strange event, subsided, and she declared, she believed in her soul she had ketched the poor young gentlewoman at——prayers!

All

All the angry passions subsided in an instant.

"At prayers!" repeated Montreville, in a no less interested, though infinitely softened accent.

The girl had all the shrewdness attached to her office; she understood the question as now put, better perhaps than the propounder.

"Ay, as sure as you are alive, Sir, she was down a top of her bended knees and her hands; well, then, in my life I never seed such white arms and pretty hands, they be like the driven snow, well, they were folded together, and her cheeks! lord, I never seed such a maiden blush colour! Will Ostler swore as she was a painted Lunnener, and he lived a matter of two year up at Lunnun, but as cunning as he is, he is out for once, for I'm certain if there was any paint atop of her face, her tears—"

"Tears did you say! when was this?"

"Soon."

“ Soon after your honor went from the old gentlewoman’s door ; and sure enough if her maiden blushes had been put on, they must have been all washed away, for the tears trickled down her face like pease, and she did so sob and sigh.”

Mr. Montreville took half a guinea out of his purse, on which the chamber maid glanced a longing eye, and proceeded.

“ I dare say she was praying and crying for the poor red faced old gentlewoman.”

“ I dare say not,” replied Montreville, replacing the half guinea in his purse, with a sort of peevish re-action, not quite genial to the feelings of the chamber maid, who continued in an under disappointed tone.

“ Poor old gentlewoman ! the doctor says her bones are broke all sorts of ways ! and if the young Christian gentlewoman was praying for her, so much the better ; for we must all die ; and some say the sooner the better ; for this world is nothen but losses and crosses ; and they all say in our house, that, though she is so mortal good, she’s nothen at all to the old

old red faced gentlewoman, only met her hazzard."

The poor half guinea was destined to be parted from its companions; the "hazzard," business secured its possession to the chamber maid, who gaily tripped to the old red faced gentlewoman's chamber, with a card from his honor to the young gentlewoman, and received a second half guinea on carrying back an answer.

The human mind is prone to credit its own wishes; the reader is no doubt astonished at the novelty of the observation; but there certainly is an irresistible suavity in the rhetoric of any being who has the art to scatter roses on the path we wish to tread; and Rosa, who within the last hour had been degraded from the celestial rank in which the reveries of the night had placed her, was again exalted into a divinity; the figure the girl described; the white arms and pretty folded hands, the modest blush, washed with tears, kneeling, addressing her Creator, not only recalled but increased the respect her coldness banished.

THE CARD.

“ Mr. Montreville entreats Miss Walsingham’s pardon for the mortification he ill concealed, when his perhaps improper request was rejected; Mr. Montreville would not presume, and Miss Walsingham cannot be unjust; he respects her humanity; the office she volunteers is a sacred one; but must all her compassion be engrossed by one object? Mr. M. is now going to pay his duty to his venerable parent, and hopes he may depend on being allowed to make his bow to Miss Walsingham at his return.”

ANSWER.

“ Miss Walsingham has a very proper sense of Mr. Montreville’s politeness.”

This

This short answer Mr. Montreville chose to consider as an accedence to his request; and though the ride from Pontefract to the Grange is perhaps the finest in that part of the country, it afforded nothing so worthy admiration as the clear hand writing and neat turned letters of the short card, which was yet in his hand when he arrived at the Grange.

All the affection, the fondness, and hope of Admiral Herbert were now centered in his new found heir: The regret which had embittered many of the latter years of his life, was now changed into a placid, but steady resolution, to clear the fame of his injured daughter, and support the claims of her son, even to the expediture of his last guinea, and the entire destruction of the old groves of fine timber, with which his estate abounded.

The instant he received the first letter from Horace, he ordered consultations to be held among the first men of the law, and upwards
of

of six months had now elapsed since, by their advice, the following advertisement was inserted in all the public newspaper.

THE EARL OF GAUNTLET.

“Whereas there are strong reasons to believe a marriage between the late Right Honorable the Earl of Gauntlet, Baron Delworth, and Magdalena Constodello Albertina Herbert, generally known and addressed as Lady Magdalena Constodello Albertina Herbert, took place at Portugal, sometime near about the year —; and whereas it is believed that the said Magdalena Constodello Albertina Herbert, after the contraction of such marriage, was delivered of a son, at or near Brompton. Any person who can give evidence respecting the said marriage, or the birth of the said son, that may substantiate a legal proof of either, will, if required, receive bonds of indemnification, and be very liberally rewarded. Apply to Worthby and Carrington, attornies, Gray’s-Inn.”

As

As this advertisement, tho' repeated every week, failed of the least success, the Admiral's joy and surprise, at Christiana's recognition of Mr. Jolter, and his ready recollection and avowal of so important a fact, may very naturally be supposed sufficient, to occupy the head and heart of a man of seventy-six, so far as to render him forgetful of less interesting matters. Had Jolter been brought before him, accused of treason, or any other crime less atrocious than murder, the having joined the hands of Magdalena and Captain Montreville, would have most probably placed vice itself under a shade; but, in fact, no accusation had been made, Christiana seizing on the delinquent, and the immediate explanation which followed, as completely turned all the Captain's late adventure topsy-turvy, as a cask of the strongest grog could have done; so intoxicated was he with the new aspect of affairs at the Grange, that he even forgot the business on which he was going, when he so fortunately met with
Jol-

Jolter, till the Admiral's elated countenance suddenly fell, and he demanded in a tremulous voice, where his dear boy was, and why he was absent at such an important and joyful period.

Captain Seagrove made no answer, but snatching his hat and brandishing an oaken cudgel, which he called his little switch, hastened out, followed by his two companions, Will Ratlin, formerly the Admiral's boatswain, now acting as butler at the Grange, and Ben Gunter, once ship's steward on board the old Terrible, but now as he called himself Walley De-sham to the Captain.

The Admiral had really kept watch, as the Captain said, with all his signals of distress out; the widow of his first lieutenant, who was killed in the same engagement with his son, a woman of mild temper and pleasing manners, had been taken under his protection from the hour she became a widow, simply, as he declared, because, "poor thing, she was not fit to buffet the storms of adversity:" She
lived

lived at the Grange, not indeed as manager, for the household, which consisted of a selection of the ship's crew, were not in the habits of being governed by a woman, "seeing as how, poor fowls, they were only fit for other gues's matters;" nor as the head of the table, for there the old Admiral always presided himself; but to live exactly as she found most pleasant; she had access to her benefactor's iron chest, rode in his carriage, saw what visitors she pleased, and returned them when and how she pleased.

Mrs. Lynn proved the value she set on a situation so respectable and easy, by a uniform and obliging attention to the Admiral's health, which depended in a great measure on the composure of his mind.

She won his money at piquet, made his whey, administered his medicines, read the papers, and what new novels he chose to hear, and in short, was become so necessary to his ease, that she had long flattered herself she should at his death return to the world
per-

perfectly fit to encounter any of the *storms of adversity*.

The first letter from Horace having however in part levelled her Spanish castles; she put a good face on the matter, and appeared to adopt, among other of the Admiral's partialities, all his affection for his grandson; the soothing and attention of this lady were never more needful than during this long night, when every passing hour added to the apprehensions of the anxious grandfather; so many machinations as had already come to his knowledge, invented and executed against his darling, taught him to fear what had been, might be; and when Captain Seagrove got out of the chaise, unaccompanied by any but Ratlin and Gunter, he shrieked, "My boy!" and fell back in his chair.

The Captain, who could swear what he called a tolerable good stick when he saw occasion, did not now spare his talent, and he was literally out of breath when the Admiral revived, to hear with extreme satisfaction, that it was by the enthrallment of a
pair

pair of bright eyes Horace was detained from home.

“ Well, well, Admiral, I tell you but this,” cried Seagrove, “ that strolling witch has grappled the boy, and I’ll be shot if he clears her without damage.”

“ Beauty, my dear Tom,” replied the gallant veteran, “ is the sailor’s tutelar goddess ; Venus herself sprung from the sea ; do not therefore be too severe.”

“ As to Venus, I know nothing about where she came *from* ; all I know about her is, that wherever she comes *to*, she does mischief enough, and most of her spite is against sailors ; so if she sprung from the sea, the greater jade she, that’s all I say ; but as to the wench at Pontefract, and the old hulk with her shattered timbers ;—but now I think on’t how the devil, or when got she from hence ?”

The Admiral was surprised.

“ I might rather ask how or when she got here,” he replied.

“ This

This led to the occurrence of the preceding evening, when, though as matters stood it was neither politic nor possible for the Admiral to take a decided part against the Rev. Mr. Jolter, yet he was absolutely overwhelmed with confusion at the idea of a woman,—a young, a beautiful, a distressed woman, being denied the rites of hospitality under his roof, and who had, as was now understood, after staying the night unnoticed, left it at break of day; he could not answer it to his heart as a man, or his character as a gentleman, and therefore declared he would take the very first opportunity of making his apology.

The Captain, weary and displeased, ordered his walley de sham to carry a pitcher of grog into his chamber, and retired without attending to a syllable of the Admiral's polite regrets for the rudeness of his family, which lasted till his servant drew his curtains, when he dropped with the word apology half uttered, into that sweet and refreshing slumber with which the spirits of the aged and just are

renovated, to dream his Horace was Earl of Gauntlet.

Want of rest the preceding night prevented the gentlemen from meeting as early in the morning as they were accustomed; but Captain Seagrove's morning *matin* began where the evening one ended; with his fears of the little cock boat; because why, Horace was not the lad to take a girl in tow, and when the wind changed, turn her a drift,—and as to being spliced to her—

The Admiral started, and his pale face crimsoned at the idea. Horace, *his* grandson, the future Earl of Gauntlet, marry a little adventress!

As to his being an Admiral's grandson, and a future Earl, the Captain saw nothing in that; seeing as all the sons of father Adam were related either at the head or tail, and if a man would steer his course among breakers, why the only thing to look out for was safe anchorage. "Now," continued he, "you know as well as I, the lad is under promise; a seaman's word, I take to be as good as his bond;
it

it may be another guess thing with a land officer; but give me the man, whether land or sea, who steers through the voyage of life as if every man was his mother's son, and every woman her daughter; that's my way."

"And a good way too, your honor," quoth the walley de sham, who came to announce the return of the young squire.

Mr. Montreville, whose fine eyes were lighted into rapturous expression by the inspiration of the god within him, knelt before the Admiral, and would have apologized for not accompanying the Captain, but the joy of his return, added to the happy event which occurred during his absence, forbid any retrospect except those of pleasure.

The Captain gave his hand with a sort of surly "What cheer? what cheer?" and Mr. Jolter, whose slumbers on the down bed, aided by very free libations of the Admiral's old Burgundy, were not broken till a very late hour, was introduced. He gave a very clear and succinct account of every circumstance relative to the marriage; which Mr. Montreville having written down, to send off

by express to Mess. Worthy and Carrington, the attornies employed, he very naturally recurred to the accident which had been of such happy import to him ; but when the Captain began to recapitulate the adventure which occasioned their meeting, and he saw in the man on whose testimony the assumption of his rights so much depended, the pander of vice, the violator of social law, and the insulter of Rosa, his changed countenance shewed in what detestation and contempt he held him, and the severity of his remarks on a conduct so atrocious, made even the old Admiral, for a moment, forget the interest of his family, to join him in the cause of moral rectitude.

Mr. Jolter had very little to offer in palliation of his conduct ; he was, he said, in liquor ; an apology that made no impression on the young philanthropist, and he took his leave with confusion in his countenance, and rancour in his heart.

Horace, from reflections on the evil tendency of corrupt morals, in a man of a sacred profession, recurred to the object against whom the infamous plan had been laid ; he spoke of

her as he felt; he thought her superior to praise; and the Admiral, in whose fond opinion Horace united the nerve of Demosthenes, the wisdom of Cicero, and the modesty of Pliny, had only to hear his sentiments to adopt them, and in consequence was more angry and more vexed at the inhospitable neglect which, at such an improper hour, had driven so an angelic a creature from the Grange.

Mrs. Lynn was sent for; she had not heard of any lady being in the house; the butler and the Captain's walley de sham accompanied him; and since it must transpire one time or another, the reader may as well know at once, that, excepting the Admiral himself, there was not a male domestic at the Grange, whose senses were not every night well steeped in grog; the rum casks, with which the cellar was always well stored, being left to the discretion of Will Ratlin, who knowing the comfort of the excellent mixture himself, dispensed it bountifully to his fellow servants; so that, as often happens in large families,

though there had been a grand error, *nobody* was in fault. As to the Captain, he frankly owned, that from the moment he found Jolter was the man they had been boxing the compass after, he thought no more of the wench than if she had gone to Davy Jones's Locker, where indeed he wished from his soul she had been before Horace clapped his two precious eyes upon her, seeing as how she was in such crazy company, and therefore must be damaged herself.

"Suppose," said Horace, "the old Terrible, which you say was a prime sailor—"

"As ever shewed her keel to salt water."

"Suppose she fell in with a vessel in distress would she sheer off?"

"No, d—me! never."

"What then would she do, if you were Captain?"

"Send provisions on board, to be sure."

"But

"But it is not provisions the vessel wants; she is crippled; her rudder is useless, her mainmast is broken, and she has a leak in her hold, so that she can scarce float; then would the old Terrible sheer off?"

"No, d—me! never."

"How then?"

"Why, Horace, I did not think you had been such a lubber; "How then!" either take the ship in tow, or the crew on board, to be sure."

The Admiral smiled. "Dear Tom, you are fairly caught."

"Caught! I don't understand you; but setting case."

"The case is already set, Captain," interrupted Horace; "the vessel in distress is the old hulk the—"

"No more of your palavar; the old Terrible is a sound vessel, a prime sailor, and goes on her own bottom, and carries no false colours; if she towed a sinking vessel into port, why there she would leave her, and proceed on her own voyage; so that's case for case. As to this here wench, she should not be

boarded by a pirate while Tom Seagrove stood by ; but I should be glad to see her bear away, with all her sails up, out of our course ; seeing as how, you can't give up the chase ; and if so be as she strikes, what then ? you can't marry her, can ye ? and if she is an honest girl, you wou'dn't ruin her, would ye ?”

“ I beg your pardon, Captain,” joined the Admiral, “ as Horace would not certainly do so unhandsome a thing as marry any woman but her to whom he is affianced by honor, the alternative is by no means a fair one ; my own opinion of women is, that it is the duty, and should be the choice of every brave man to protect them ; that has been one of the standing maxims of my life, and I am proud to see it is a family trait, which will descend to my progeny.”

“ Oh rare Admiral ! I can't deny but you stand fire like a salamander ; you are a good and a brave officer ; a little too much of the martinet on board, and a little too finical on shore ; but as to this family lingo about women, 'tis all gibberish to me, seeing
as

as how you let your own daughter founder, without hearkening to one of her signals of distress, poor soul."

The Admiral was painfully affected, and the Captain obliged to drink three successive glasses of strong grog before he could reconcile himself *to himself* for being the cause; after which the rhetoric of Horace carried all before it; and as while Rosa remained unprotected at the inn, further insult might be offered from the squire, though perhaps his coadjutor would not be openly seen in the business, he suggested the gallantry of his sleeping at Pontefract while she remained there.

This was opposed by the Captain, seeing as how if watch was to be kept, he was more fitter for that there sort of duty, and besides, added he, slyly, while I am keeping a good look out for my convoy, I shall be in no danger of a lee shore myself.

To this arrangement Horace did not object, provided he was permitted to return that

night; the next day the Admiral would, he said, visit the young lady himself.

After this agreement they dined together in the greatest harmony, and having passed some hours in conversation on the state of their family affairs, Montreville attended by two servants, mounted a fleet hunter, and rode the winds till he arrived at Pontefract.

CHAP. II.

“ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one;

“ Have oft times no connexion : Knowledge dwells

“ In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;

“ Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

On which authority the author assures her young readers, wisdom and love are synonymous terms.

ROSA's declining to grant Mr. Montreville the requested audience, was a severe penance on her own feelings,—it was a sacrifice of inclination washed with tears at the shrine of duty ; but the consciousness of right acting, which ever will console a reflecting mind, even under the most severe depriva-

tion, would have soon restored her to tranquillity, had she in other respects been at peace with herself; but the terrible condition of Mrs. Garnet so interested and so distressed her, that considering her as being reduced to it by the concern she had taken in her safety and welfare, she reproached herself as the primary cause of her misfortune; with what desire, what anxiety, and ardent hope she for many years anticipated a meeting with her mother; when in affluence, how had she wished to share it with her, and how, when distressed, had she panted for the sorrowful child's natural asylum, the bosom of a parent; yet after all, with what antipathy, what unnatural disgust, and even horror, did her wayward heart turn from her; how she shuddered at the sound of her voice; how her eyes, and how her soul shrunk from a reminiscence of the author of her being, and while every faculty was devoted to a stranger, one who was indeed too amiable and too interesting; how entirely repugnant had her feelings been towards one to whom God and nature enforced

forced obedience. "Alas! she cried, poor unhappy mother! this calamity would not have happened to her, had she not been tempted from her own purpose by that natural attraction against which my heart was hardened; oh miserable! is it then the death of my parent only that can awaken me to feeling and duty. Merciful God! continued she, kneeling by her mother's bedside, oh pardon the barbarous conflict between pride and nature! thou who alone hast seen how strong the one, how weak the other; thou who in judgment has overtaken me! yes, my poor afflicted parent! God is thy avenger."

It was at this moment the chamber maid pass'd in her head, and ketch'd her——at prayers.

The card from Mr. Montreville neither lessened her solicitude for her mother, nor increased it for himself; her soul was at that moment in a state of humiliation, and the only consolation she felt, arose from the consciousness of adhering to a painful duty, and rejecting a sweet temptation.

The

The surgeon soon after visited Mrs. Garnet; her blood, heated by the "least drops of spirits in the world" at Shawford farm, was in a ferment; he apprehended a fever, and desired further assistance might be called in.

Rosa, sinking with terror, received this intimation as the most fatal prognostic, and in presence of the surgeon and nurse, while almost blinded by tears, examined Mrs. Garnet's pockets, where, besides sixty pounds in cash and notes, she found a letter written and directed to Mr. Philip Garnet, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe. As this letter was not sealed, she inclosed a short note in it, mentioning the accident, and entreated Mr. Garnet would use all possible expedition to join his wife.

Having done this, and inventoried the contents of her pockets and small trunk, she desired an express might be sent for the most experienced medical men in the neighbourhood, and again vowed not to leave her mother.

Mr.

Mr. Montreville heard from the chamber maid, on his return to the inn, that two other surgeons and a physician had been called in to the red faced gentlewoman, who it was thought could never hold it; and that the sweet young gentlewoman neither eat nor drank.

He sent his compliments, but received no answer; and unable to believe she could be so entirely absorbed in grief for a stranger, again sent to request a short audience, which was declined.

Montreville was in a very fine humour to be angry; but the inexorable was still shut up; and as anger may mar, but can never mend a good cause, he called patience to his aid, and waited two hours before he sent again, when he was desired to go into a room next to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, where soon after Rosa joined him.

Her pale and dejected looks, while they surprised, interested him; he complimented her on the humanity which impelled her to risk her own health, by attending to a woman
6. who

who had no other claims than her misfortunes.

Rosa cast down her eyes, and after one deep blush her pale became paler.

He was sorry to hear more assistance was called in, because it implied danger.

Rosa wept, and as Mr. Montreville found himself at a loss how to proceed, after a short silence she rose to go.

The gift of speech was now again returned to Mr. Montreville; he seriously remonstrated against her behaviour, as cruel and even unjust.

Rosa felt that her conduct was inexplicable; Mr. Montreville's manner was too flatteringly earnest, too congenial to the secret good opinion she had formed of him, to offend; but her heart was oppressed with anguish, and all the reply she could make, was tears.

Mr. Montreville was extremely moved; he took her hand, and begged her to be re-seated one moment, while he apologized for the rudeness with which she was treated at the Grange. His own history, he added, was a strange and almost incredible mixture of
mystery

mystery and misfortune; the former, he hoped, was clearing up, and the latter changing into blessings; the frustration of the infamous designs against her, were productive of an incident more fortunate to him than, he feared, she would allow him now to explain; but when he had that honor, he was sure she would pardon the seeming neglect of Admiral Herbert.

All Rosa's penitence for want of natural affection; all her concern for her mother's dangerous situation, could not steel her heart against an apology so frank and interesting; it was a welcome oblation to pride; it relieved her from a painful sense of debasement, and restored the old Admiral to her respect, and his friend, her deliverer, to her esteem.

Never was there a being whose countenance was a clearer index of the mind, than that on which Mr. Montreville's regards were now fixed; he held her hand during the time he addressed her; and while watching the workings of her ingenuous mind, it is not certain

tain whether he did or did not tenderly press it; and perhaps it is still less certain whether, after all her self-accusation, prayers, and tears, she did not for a few moments forget she had a mother with a broken leg; it was however for a very short time her heart was sensible to a cessation of pain; she answered in a low but not depressed accent, that so much obliged, as she could not but esteem herself, to him and his family, it was very acceptable to her to know no intended affront had been offered her, and she added, deeply blushing, "So many and so repeated are my obligations to you, Sir, in particular, that I must think light of an inconvenience to myself, from which you derive advantage."

Mr. Montreville was full of acknowledgements, and more full of admiration; and time was not marked till the nurse, who attended in Mrs. Garnet's chamber, sent to let Rosa know the surgeon was there. Mr. Montreville however did not suffer her to leave him, till he had prevailed on her to promise.

promise to see him half an hour the next morning.

After the surgeon was gone, and Rosa retraced what passed at her interview with Montreville, she was astonished at the ease with which she had dispensed with all her resolutions to give up an acquaintance so intoxicating; again she went over the reasons which forbade her to indulge a predilection so unequal; the reasons were still too strong for self-deceiving sophistry to combat, but the predilection was still more strong.

During this night, contrary to the expectations, and beyond the doctor's hope, the feverish symptoms were greatly lowered; Mrs. Garnet, whose terror of death was extreme, having heard from the doctors the awful sentence, that if she did not keep herself quiet, she must die, became from fear, gentle and patient; she still took strong opiates, but in the time of her waking intervals bore her anguish without a murmur, and followed every movement of Rosa with eyes that expressed both solicitude and gratitude.

In.

In the morning Rosa made some alteration in her dress, and met Mr. Montreville according to appointment.

Mr. Montreville had not indeed watched by the bedside of a sick person, but his thoughts had been too much engrossed by one charming object to rest; like Zadig, though in love, he might eat, drink and sleep, but it was not precisely that soft passion or sentiment which now prevented the latter; it was a combination of untoward circumstances, totally inimical to the end of virtuous love; the truth is, Mr. Montreville actually was engaged.

The infidelity his heart was tempted to commit, might perhaps be called a venial trespass, as he had not yet seen the lady he was bound to marry; the pecuniary penalty of a breach of his engagement was considerable enough to insure the fidelity of half the crops about town, but half the crops about town have so many ways of disposing of all the hard cash they touch, to which Horace was a perfect stranger, that it was no wonder
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the precious metal, on which they set so high a store, lost all attraction with him; as however there was another penalty which he ignorantly preferred to gold, attached to the engagement, namely, his honor; it was a serious consideration; and it was this subject on which he pondered during the whole night, and which was succeeded by an aching heart and head, in the morning.

Rosa was startled at his changed looks and address; instead of that delighted admiration, which shone in his countenance,—that lively and insinuating tenderness which marked his manner the night before, he was melancholy, solemn, and silent for some minutes after he entered the room; but a certain magic power seemed to hang over these young people; whatever were their sentiments when they met, a few moments, without the aid even of speech, banished every unpleasant idea; mutual frankness added an age to the term of their acquaintance, and confidence in the honor and principle of each other, begat a familiarity of intercourse, from which delicacy banished all appearance of passion.

Mr.

Mr. Montreville's clouded brow cleared; neither the engagement nor penalty were remembered; Rosa's white arms and pretty hands managed the coffee; and as Mrs. Garnet still slept, he, with great delicacy, adverted to her situation, which, being as he took the liberty to hint, both dangerous and improper, he was hurt to hear her declare her intention of continuing.

Mr. Montreville had formed a wish to prevail on her to go to the Grange; and as she persisted in declaring she would not leave Mrs. Garnet till she was wholly out of danger, engage her to make that her home, and pay occasional visits to Pontefract.

In this arrangement it is needless to add, the engagement was not at all considered; and in order to carry his point, he adduced her danger so near Sir Jacob Lydear, should his incorrigibility revive with his recovery from the correction he hoped he had received; it was true indeed Mr. Jolter would not perhaps be his co-adjutor; but his mother was popular, and her misfortunes would render her an object of pity; her son disgraced, her daughter

daughter eloped with a mean mechanic, and herself overwhelmed in sorrow, were circumstances that could not fail to raise some prejudice for her ladyship, against all the causes of her distrets; Rosa at once saw Mr. Montreville wished to make his protection necessary, and as all he had suggested was reasonable, she was very much alarmed; but as notwithstanding the apology which reconciled her to the Admiral, the Grange was of all places the one she most disliked; and as, except Mr. Montreville remained at the inn, he could not offer, nor if he did, could she accept his protection; she affected the heroine.

“It is Sir Jacob Lydear,” said she, “who should fear, not me; I am under the protection of that law which he has violated; let his power be what it may, he cannot combine a whole town in a breach of the established police of his country; and with respect to Lady Lydear, she knows, she *well* knows—”

Mon-

Montreville drew nearer; he feared to breathe, lest it should prevent his hearing what Lady Lydear *well knew*; but he was disappointed.

Lady Lydear had perhaps by this time not only received the promised recommendation from Lady Hopely, but heard a history of her from Lady Lowder, with all the additions the candour of the latter would infallibly give it; and thus the credit she might hope would result from one source, must inevitably be destroyed by the other.

After waiting some moments in expectation of her proceeding, Montreville with a mortified air resumed.

“It was far from his wish to lessen her confidence in the protecting law of the land, but he would ask, whether youth, delicacy, and innocence, without acquaintance or protectors, were competent to demand that safety these laws were, without dispute, so well framed to insure, should the provoked, the ignorant, head strong Sir Jacob meditate?”

Rosa

Rosa could no longer conceal her alarm, or repress its effect; she burst into tears; fancy realized the picture he had sketched, and fear magnified a small disturbance at that instant near the door, into the hostile approach of the very person of whom he had been speaking; she shrieked out, "Save me! save me!" and threw herself into the arms of Montrevile, in the moment when the door flew open, and discovered Admiral Herbert, his gold laced hat carried in a courtly manner in one hand, his gold headed cane in the other; his tall person, dignified and erect; followed by the short fat figure of Captain Seagrove, close behind, except one arm which was extended forward to open the door.

A florid apology, which the Admiral had studied, when the persuasions of Seagrove, aided by his own secret inclinations, prevailed on him to be guilty of such a solecism in good manners, and violation of the respect due to the apartment of a lady, as to enter it unannounced, was entirely forgotten at the sight of Rosa in the arms of his grandson.

There was something in the gentlemanlike appearance and mild blue eyes of Admiral Herbert, that impressed Rosa with a respect, which had even more of sentiment than politeness in it; and perhaps notwithstanding her dread of his pride and noble alliances, the laced full uniform, and stiff ramillee wig, never appeared to more advantage, than when it occupied the precise place where she had expected to see Sir Jacob Lydear in his ungraceful drab coat, round hat, and dirty boots; nor did Captain Seagrove, with his nine grey hairs on each side, his red shining ample half bald head, fat round figure, long sword, and short skirted uniform coat, appear wanting in charms, as standing where her fear had anticipated the Rev. Mr. Jolter. She disengaged herself from Mr. Montreville's arms, without a sensation of that confusion which would have overwhelmed her, had any other emotion than terror placed her there; and her reception of the intruders was so frank, easy, and graceful, that it immediately dissipated the unpleasant surprise into which the Admiral had been thrown, and was

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indeed so accordant to his own ideas of true gentility, that he hesitated not to believe the opinion Montreville had formed of her, was in every respect just, as she was, he whispered Seagrove, not only the most beautiful, but the finest bred woman he had lately seen.

Captain Seagrove, whose regard for Montreville was little inferior to that of his grandfather, saw the lady and the transaction in a different light. Hugging between a young man and young woman, as he called the position in which our heroine and Montreville were surprised, had, he said, but one meaning; and a wench who could submit to it, without at least blushing, was fit for all weathers.

Rosa now particularly addressed the rough diamond, to whom she was so much obliged; but instead of the blunt good humour which had left an impression of the goodness of his heart on her recollection, he hastily averted his eyes, which had been attracted involuntarily by the beauty and elegance of her face and figure, and to all her professions of endless

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gratitude,

gratitude, answered with a surly, "What cheer? what cheer, young woman?"

Confounded at this behaviour, and abashed at the gold mounted eye glass levelled at her from the Admiral, in despite of the politeness and good breeding of the reign of Queen Ann, none of which allowed the staring a modest woman out of countenance, by the natural organs of sight, much less with the aid of those auxiliaries, without which a modern pair of eyes cannot see an inch beyond its neighbour nose; perhaps considering the Admiral's age, some people may fancy spectacles might have been the least annoying to a blushing beauty, but never had his features been so disgraced in the presence of any female whatever; and no crooked coquet could be more anxious to conceal the shoulder pad, than was the veteran beau to keep his spectacles from the ken of a woman.

Mr. Montreville perceived Rosa's embarrassment, and whispered the Admiral, whose glass was withdrawn with such precipitancy, that in his zeal to repair the breach of

politeness, he dropped both his hat and cane.

Captain Seagrove had always been in the habit of tendering every little attention due to age and superior rank, which since he became a commissioned officer, the Admiral, with great politeness, declined to accept; the Captain, as usual, offered to pick up and restore his patron's supporter, which, contrary to custom, he was suffered to do, without apology, or even acknowledgement.

Whenever Captain Seagrove received an act of civility or tenderness, "Thankye, thankye," sprung from his heart to his lips; when, on the contrary, he conferred an obligation, he was perfectly satisfied if the thankye never came; but to lose the civilities of his old commander, civilities not worth a segar till they were missed, on account of a girl against whom he had conceived what he thought a well grounded dislike, and against whose increasing influence he had a mountain of objections, was too bad; it inflated all the little gall in his disposition,

and he retired in high dudgeon to the farther end of the room.

Rosa, charmed with the mild benevolence of the old officer, as he alternately regarded his grandson and herself, found all her attention drawn to him, and did not remark the ill humour of the Captain.

It is true the Admiral's address was stiff, his manner formal, and his language too full of compliments to be perfectly understood; but the expression of pleasure which darted from Montreville's fine eyes, communicated an equal degree of placid pleasure to the countenance of his venerable friend, who could not help regarding with approbation an object on whom his darling looked with such evident delight.

Montreville, recurring to the cause of Rosa's emotion at the moment of his entrance, he frankly offered her his protection, till she could send to inform her friends of her situation, and till the tax laid on her humanity by that unamiable being, whom he was sorry to call a woman, was removed; he had, he added,

ed, a very worthy woman, who did him the favor of residing at the Grange, to whom he would with pleasure introduce her, and whom, he was sure, would do all in her power to retrieve the credit of his house, if she would again condescend to enter it.

Rosa bowed; but though as little inclined as ever to assign the real motives, persevered in her resolution not to leave her mother.

Mrs. Garnet's situation, she said, was such, as, however strange it might appear, laid an obligation on her, no consideration could tempt her to wave,—while her life was in doubt, her own station should be in her chamber.

The Admiral was confounded; his eye met the dejected glance of Mr. Montreville's; disappointment sat on his brow, and the colour forsook his cheek.

The Admiral resumed: "He would then remain at the inn; he would himself defend her from insult."

"Avast! avast! Admiral," cried Seagrove, "you are a little out of your reckoning I believe this bout; for a first rate

to keep guard on a little cock boat, not worth ballast, is, as I take it, a new line of service; besides you can't turn in out of your own birth, without shattering your poor calico carcass to atoms; you know you can't; so as I said at first, if watch must be kept, I am the man that's most fittest for that duty, and I wool do it."

Rosa now understood, to her great mortification, she was, for what reason it was not possible for her to conjecture, an object of dislike to a man for whom she felt a particular esteem, as besides the services he had rendered her, his rough manner appeared to cover a tenderness of heart and warmth of character no less pleasing than new. After a momentary surprise, she thanked them for the kindness of their intention, but added, that although in the moment Mr. Montreville suggested the possibility of Sir Jacob Lydear's repeating the insults he had already offered her, she was exceedingly alarmed, yet on reflection she had no doubt of her personal safety, in a house where the countenance of so respectable a person as

Ad-

Admiral Herbert would ensure civility; she therefore hoped, neither him, nor Captain Seagrove would inconvenience themselves on her account.

The Captain nodded at Rosa and winked at the Admiral; the latter indeed, after the first flash of expiring gallantry, recollected the debilitated state of his health, and that broken rest, as well as fatigue, either of mind or body, left him in a painfully enervated condition; he therefore again apologized for the inattention and rudeness she experienced at the Grange, which he assured her, on his sacred honor, was solely occasioned by business, of more importance than life or death to him, which happened to occur at that period; after which, on the Captain pulling out his watch for the fortieth time, he desired Montreville to order the carriage; and Rosa, taking a graceful leave, left the room.

On her return to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, she found her eating some fine fruit, which Mr. Montreville had directed to be carried thither. Rosa crimsoned with grateful pleasure at so delicate a mark of attention,

and passed to the window in time to see the face and form where every grace of nature shone, assisting his aged parent into the carriage, and greeted as he entered it himself with the Captain's "Fare ye well, fare ye well."

On perceiving that the Captain returned into the house from the door, Rosa regretted he persisted in an office she could not help suspecting would be performed with an ill grace, and for which indeed she did not, on cool reflection, see the necessity; but as his offer to stay was made to the Admiral, not to her, she could not ask an interview of him; and it was not likely he would solicit one of her; so leaving the matter to its own course, she returned to Mrs. Garnet, who though too low to be distinctly heard, motioned for more fruit; notwithstanding the nurse insisted it would hurt her.

When Rosa drew near; Mrs. Garnet, who could not speak her feelings, kissed her hand, and pressed it to her heart, while tears rolled down cheeks ~~are~~ furrowed by intemperance than age.

Rosa

Rosa was affected ; she no longer thought on Montreville ; her own tears dropped on the brown hand which grasped hers ; and seeing the poor sufferer still cast a languid glance on the fruit, sent to the surgeon, who answered nothing could be more proper for her.

With a secret sensation of delight she sat down, and while paring the nectarines and picking the grapes, remembered it was the delicate present of Montreville, and doubly dear because medicinal to her mother.

Though Rosa did not see Captain Seagrove, she heard him roaring out, Rule Britannia, and Cease rude Boreas, chorused by a number of as discordant voices as his own, till he turned in ; and Mrs. Garnet being now in a fair way, she undressed, for the first time since the accident ; but her fancy was too busy for sleep, and involuntarily recurred to a few indescribable moments, which, though connected with some mortifications, from which they could not be wholly detached, no mortification could repress the enthusiastic delirium which accompanied recollection.

She saw into the art, if so it must be called, that by inspiring her with terror of one object, naturally cast her for protection on another; but the development of Mr. Montreville's motive could not excite anger; the Admiral, in whose house he wished her to be, was one in whom she could of herself confide the dearest interests of her life; to her his formality appeared a regular system of moral rectitude; his pride, she allowed with a sigh, was a proper and laudable enthusiasm, equally calculated to maintain its own nobility, and prevent its own debasement; and his tenacious regard for the weaker sex, the effusions of that true bravery which would always rise in defence of the oppressed,—in vindication of the slandered,—in protection of the weak,—and in redress of the injured; it was indeed a selection of aromatics from the weeds of the knight of La Manche, the great spirit of chivalry refined and modernised; and it dressed its possessor in all the attributes of true heroism; but oh the pity of it! the pity of it! it might defend, vindicate, protect, and
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redress, but must ultimately reject *her*; nothing then remained for her, but to strengthen her heart against a fascination, to which she alone must become the victim; to retire into those humble duties that must support her in the most trying moments; to acquit herself in the painful avocation in which she was engaged, to the honor of human nature and the approbation of her own conscience.

The next day, and the next, brought the Admiral and Mr. Montreville to Pontefract; true, she still resolved every interview should be the last; but when a person of the Admiral's age and character came thither on purpose to visit and give her respectability, how could she treat him with rudeness? or how, when no word the severest prude or most ready coquet could misconstrue, escaped Mr. Montreville's lips, could she expose herself to ridicule, by giving a wrong interpretation to his visits, and without that interpretation how could she decline them?

Captain Seagrove continued at the inn, and generally attended the Admiral in his visits to Rosa; but though his dislike was a
little

little softened, he was far from being cordial to her.

Mr. Montreville's attention and respect seemed to increase every visit. Rosa had mentioned her having wrote to Mrs. Garnet's husband, whose arrival she anxiously expected.

Mr. Garnet had gone to Chatham on the invitation of an old acquaintance, to be present at a launch, which by delaying his receipt of the tidings of his wife's misfortune, prevented his arriving as soon as he was expected by four days.

At length, to the satisfaction of all parties, a post chaise from Ferry-Bridge, where the mail stopped, set him down at Pontefract.

"Rosy, my girl, why Rosy, pretty Rosy! what ails my rose bud?" was the first salutation of a little thin pale faced man, about thirty-six, to a bloated red faced unweildy woman, ten-years older.

"Oh, Phill!" answered the rose bud, "don't touch me; I am all over broken limbs; and to be sure little Phill and I should have been both dead and gone, and the Lord have mercy, what would have become of my
still 6 poor

poor soul, had it not been for that sweet pretty behaved young body, bless her dear heart; she is such good company; she has saved my life."

"Well then," answered Garnet, "she is as good as she is handsome, which I am very glad of, for its seldom the case; but Rose, poor Rosy! come, I know how it happened; thee hast been sucking the monkey, I know thee had."

"No indeed, Phill, I was sober as a judge."

"Well but, Rosy, how are the timbers all spliced, I hope, poor Rosy! come send for the doctor, let's have a overhaul Rosy; thee shant lose thy precious limbs, if all the shiners in my pocket can save them."

And it being understood Mr. Garnet had got plenty of shiners, the whole house was in motion; the surgeon was sent for; the timbers examined; and all being pure tight, Mr. Garnet called for a pipe, and soon scented the apartment too strong for Rosa to continue in it; she therefore, in part relieved from the pain and trouble of such close attendance as she

she had tasked herself to pay her mother, ordered another chamber and retired to it.

Mr. Garnet, with his little thin figure, spoke in the voice of a stentor; he had a low forehead, short nose, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and strong teeth, which, except in the instant when he was smooching or eating, were graced with a large quid of tobacco; he wore a dark brown coat, red plush waistcoat, ribbed cotton stockings, square pumps, large heavy silver buckles, a black silk Barcelona handkerchief tied loose over a fringed cravat, a round hat three quarter diameter every way, and his own dark lank hair, he was doatingly fond both of Rosy and little Phill, and very thankful to our heroine for being so well behaved to his wife.

As Mr. Montreville desired the Captain to apprise him of Mr. Garnet's arrival, Ben Gunter, the walley de-sham was instantly dispatched to the Grange with the news.

"Now then, madam," said the Admiral, on entering the room, where Rosa generally received him, "your occupation is over, and you will do me the honor to make the
Grange

Grange your home, till you think proper to apprise your friends of your situation; Mrs. Lynn will attend you with my carriage, at whatever hour you please to appoint.

Rosa hesitated, changed colour, and faltered out, what it was plain to understand was a determined negative; and the Admiral, who had looked to this trial as a proof whether she did, or did not really belong to Mrs. Garnet, instantly arose, took his grandson by the arm, bowed with great formality, and followed by the Captain, whose watch was now out, departed.

CHAP. III.

"A Begging Box," addressed to those accomplished Authors, who prove the abundance of their own superior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confusion of tongues, beseeching them to bestow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Tasso, for page 77-

REPEAT the twenty-four letters whenever you find your passion rising," said the sage to Augustus. Had Mr. Montreville done so, he would not have had to ride back to Pontefract after sunset, through a heavy shower of rain.

The Admiral, his privy counsellor the Captain, and his grandson had held several

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conjectural beds of justice on Rosa, during her residence at Pontefract.

She possessed, in the Admiral's opinion, the very first of female graces, "good breeding."

The Captain allowed she was not given to clapper clawing; but as to her breeding, he supposed, like other women, she would swear black white, to make her own way.

The Admiral, half offended, reminded him his mother was a woman.

"As to his mother," the Captain replied, "belike the Admiral knew what she was better than him; but as to that ugly wolf at Pontefract."

"Ugly!" Mr. Montreville protested her eye would illumine the darkest cell.

That the Captain granted, because a cat's eye would do exactly the same; but if her trim was as good as the old Terrible; if she was as fair as a lily, as straight as a mainmast, and as brisk as one Miss Molly Gum, when he first saw her walking Portsmouth walls, thirty years ago, what did it all argufy, seeing as how a man's word was his sheet anchor.

"God:

"God forbid!" said the Admiral, placing his right hand on his breast, "any of us should break the sacred pledge of honor; but there can be no reason why a man who is engaged to one woman, should not admire another."

"Well, I don't say there is," answered the Captain, "but this I would say, Horace has got a hankering after this wench, and I don't say there is any harm in that neither; when he is as heavy a sailor as Tom Seagrove, and as old as you, Admiral, he'll alter his course; but it is easier to prevent than to stop a leak."

With this wise axiom the conversations generally ended, till this day, when after a silent ride home, the Captain called for his grog, and having swallowed a half pint bumper, hoped Montreville was now tired of his wild goose chase, and bid him not look so glum.

"If I look glum, as you call it," replied Horace, "it is at your unprovoked invectives against so lovely a woman as Miss Walsingham."

"To

"To be sure, Tom, illiberality to a fine woman is inexcusable," joined the Admiral.

"Pity you can't add, with good blood in her veins; pity you can't say that, Admiral," retorted the Captain.

"Well, to confess the truth, Tom, I do think it is a pity; I must say she is the finest bred, most fascinating woman I have lately seen; if she was not so meanly connected as I now am convinced she is, and if Horace could be honorably off."

Montreville's soul was on fire; it was not till this moment he clearly understood the extent of his own secret wishes; and he sprung to the feet of his aged parent, who in accents of kindness thus pourtrayed his own sentiments.

"Horace, my dear boy! my beloved Horace!" cried the Admiral, raising him, "I feel, I feel your thoughts; but indeed my dear fellow, to raise a mere strolling beauty to your mother's place, and cruelly to insult an innocent lady."

"Oh

"Oh, Sir," answered Montreville, "be assured I can do neither; I dare not abuse your indulgence, and should deserve to be branded for a villain, if I held lightly an engagement which—"

"Is," interrupted the Admiral, "not less an engagement because those to whom it was made cannot claim it."

"I feel it all, my dear Sir," replied Montreville, "but since your opinion of Miss Walsingham sanctifies mine, I confess my soul is devoted to her; I regret an infatuation I cannot resist, and surely in such a case it is far more honorable to avow the truth than impose on an amiable young woman, by making professions I do not feel; I have not yet had the honor of seeing her; she is equally a stranger to me; her choice may happen to be already made, and if not, she will be so great a gainer in point of fortune by defection."

"In that case," replied the Admiral, after a serious pause, "you must frankly let her know your heart was lost before; nay, indeed my opinion is, you had better write without

without seeing her. The most unpardonable insult to a pair of bright eyes is to declare yourself invulnerable to their shafts, what say you, Tom?"

"Say! I say 'tis a tale of a tub, about such stuff as hearts and eyes, and if you wool look one way, and steer another, why you wool; but I shall be glad to know when you have cheated the devil, and thrown his cap at him by this shabby come off; what's to be done then? you wont let him make a Countess of this travelling beauty, and a lady of honor of the old hulk her companion, wool ye? you wont go far to empty all your bags into the pockets of judges and lawyers, to make a lady of a vagabond, wool ye? you won't farve all your grand aunts and cousins so scurvily as that, wool ye?"

Mr. Montreville arose in an agony of passion.

"Captain Seagrove!" said he, in a voice half smothered by his feelings.

"Mr. Montreville!" answered the Captain, "you may flounder and shift your station,

station, but I wool speak the truth ; if your noble mother was living, I know she would thank me ; she was noble in herself, without any help from lords and ladies ; poor girl, it would have been well for her she had never known any of them ; and there's your old grandfather, as good a seaman as ever stepped from stem to stern ; what do you do, but here come to make him a laughing block ; I say you do ; for this here's the case ; here has he been stuffing his own head, and other people's too, with a cursed tough story about jukes and lords, and the Lord knows what, all of his kindred ; and here in his old age, what does you, but gets him to father all your fooleries ; and so as I said, make himself the laughing block, by taking a lady out of a barn, and throw dirt on the memory of your benefactor ; I say you do ; Tom Seagrove's no flincher ; he's no fish for smooth water ; I speak the truth ; and if you don't like it, lump it, that's all my boy."

The

The variety of feelings aggravated by the effect Captain Seagrove's eloquence, harsh as it was, had on the old Admiral, which agitated Montreville, during this long harangue, subsided into a settled composure. Towards the conclusion, "Have you done, Sir?" said he, on Captain Seagrove taking breath.

"No, Sir, I have not done, I, I, yes I have done; I shall say no more, Sir, to *you*."

"Why then, Sir, I shall say to *you*, and to my dear paternal friend this, that I adore Miss Walsingham, is certain—"

"Nothing can be more natural," joined the Admiral.

"Pshaaw!" cried the Captain, trebling the sound of the *a* in his throat.

"But do not imagine, that if I were sure of being accepted by her, which I am not—"

"Pshaaw!" again exclaimed the Captain, "tell her you are going to be a lord, she'll strike at the first summons."

"I cannot think so meanly of so lovely a woman," said the Admiral.

"Ah!" sighed Montreville, "so convinced am I of her innate worth, so entirely confident of her delicacy, her family, and her connexions, that I here pledge my honor, if on a full explanation she does not prove in every respect, except fortune, mind I except money."

"'Tis not to be named in the same breath with a fine woman; perish the dross, when put in competition with beauty," and the Admiral raised himself perpendicular in his chair.

"Money! 'twas mere lumber," the Captain said; "he never was so miserable in his life as when he was chesling it up, nor so happy as since he got rid of best part on't."

"Well then with that exception I swear to you not to ask her heart till I am convinced it is such a one as the favoured descendant of my honored parent, the son of the noble Magdalena, and the heir of a British peerage, ought to accept."

"Horace,

“ Horace, my dear Horace,” cried the Admiral, affected to weakness, “ two things I beg of you ; make no rash vows, and do not name Magdalena ; the one may hurt you, the other unmans me. Think again ; the power of a beautiful woman neither is nor ought to be shaken off at pleasure ; the more you admire this young lady, the more difficult you will find it to resign her ; she may be virtuous, we perceive she is well bred ; but I exact no oath, I lay no commands on you, my son, but that you act with delicacy and honor towards the lady you was so resolved to marry, before you saw this fine creature.”

“ Yes,” joined the Captain, “ and let it be soon too, for fear the poor girl should lose the opportunity of striking to another commander ; and so good night ; if you give me your hand, and say I know Tom Seagrove is my friend, why do ; if ye don’t, why don’t, that’s all.”

After this speech, need we say they parted friends ?

Though the evening succeeding the last conversation was very wet, Mr. Montreville rode to Pontefract, where he was surprised at being accosted by Mr. Garnet, entreating him to persuade the young woman; who had been so good to poor Rosy, to stop a bit longer, for that after he and his company left the inn, she told him and his wife, that now she would give up her office, and set off for London.

It is hardly possible to define Mr. Montreville's feelings at this intelligence: His passion for Rosa was, as he thought the object of it, unalterably pure; he fancied he discovered in her, not only the beauty, but the goodness of an angel; the new sensation which throbbed in his heart constituted all his happiness; it influenced his mind, his health, his temper; he could conceive no bliss equal to the guiltless excess of the passion that transported him, nor any torture equal to its privation; in the presence of Rosa it was impossible for him so far to detach his ideas from the fascination that arrested both his eyes and ears, as to think on what might have

have passed, or what might be yet to come ; it was enough that the enjoyments of the present were blameless and delightful ; he wished her gone from the Garnets, but dreaded a separation from himself, and while waiting to see her, repeated,

“ Ah cruel love ! thou bane of every joy,

“ Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy ;”

and it is impossible to describe his admiration, surprise, and pleasure, when hearing her enter, he turned, and beheld the arch look and graceful gaiety with which she continued the two next lines in the original language.*

.....

“ You speak Italian !”

“ Not well !”

“ You read it !”

“ Something better ; my harp master was an Italian ; and he insisted I should never sing with expression till I was perfect in that

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“ Still equal woes from thee mankind endure ;

“ Fatal thy wound, and fatal is thy cure.”

language ; it was indeed in his opinion right to give the Italian expression even to English music."

The mind of Montreville towered even to the skies. "What! a pretty stroller! the companion of a vulgar intemperate woman! play the harp! sing scientifically! and speak Italian!" He could not speak, tears of pleasure swam in his eyes; all doubts in respect to her connexions done away by this discovery of her accomplishments; what was it of rapture he did not at that instant feel.

"You speak of singing," said he; "come, you will not dare convince me your practice is inferior to your theory."

"I will dare do no such thing," replied she, with modest confidence; "inattention to the pains and expence bestowed on my education would have been ingratitude; I had besides a noble reward then in view; a sense of obligation excited emulation; I wished to excel, because I knew that would be the best return I could—"

Rosa's heart was on her lips, and her natural frankness would have been restrained by nothing but her feelings; she had indeed but a very slight recollection of Colonel Buhanun's person, but his actions were ever fresh in her memory, and so far from being humbled in her own estimation, by repeating to the whole world obligations so dear and binding; she considered every honor paid to his memory as reflecting some degree of credit on herself; since to have been so truly beloved, and so eminently distinguished by such a worthy character, implied some merit in the object of his regard; but that key to her former and present situation, which she was on the point of giving to the anxious Montreville, must be followed by a development from which her heart shrunk; had it been only the forlorn state of her infancy, and the charity of her benefactors, with what ease could she have made the disclosure; but to prove herself daughter to a woman so abhorred by the whole Grange connexion, so

little beloved by herself, that, she could never do.

While these reflections were passing in her mind, her eyes were cast down, but when on raising them she beheld Montreville glowing with expectant curiosity, and suspected the disappointment he would feel at her sudden recollection, her cheeks flushed, and a gentle sigh moved the muslin on her bosom.

The emanation of fond affection glowed on Montreville's cheek, while his heart sunk in disappointment.

"Come," said he, affecting gaiety, "to the proof."

"If you mean to ask me to sing," replied Rosa, "I will oblige you, though I have been long out of tune."

Montreville bowed.

"What do you like? shall it be Adagio or Allegro?"

"When I have heard both I shall judge."

"Indeed!"

How

How it happened, as Rosa had really, as she said, been long out of tune, Cupid alone can tell, but her voice was never in better tone, nor did she ever run the cadences of a very beautiful and difficult Italian *penferoso* air with more taste, melody, and science.

Montreville continued in the attitude of listening after the song was ended,

“ Well,” she asked, after a pause, “ do you like that, or shall I give you an *allegro* ?”

“ Exquisite ! lovely creature,” cried he, suddenly rising.

Rosa, surprised, also arose.

“ No,” said he, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his heart, “ sweet enchantress, I can bear no more ; no, you make my senses ach ; I leave you ; I dare not trust myself any longer till——adieu.”

“ Till,” repeated Rosa, after he left the room, “ till what ?”

She hastened to the window, and beheld him vault into his saddle and gallop off before his servant could mount; her eyes were still bent on the road he had taken, but her heart was in tumults; all her former arguments and resolutions recurred, if she continued to see and be entertained by this charming man, there appeared but one alternative before her, the extravagance of love, or the death of despair; the ecstasy he evinced at discovering she had been well educated; the haste he was in to communicate those discoveries; what, alas! did it prove, but that both him and his friends had held her in mean estimation? how indeed could they do otherwise? a young person of her age and her sex, even her accomplishments told against her; to be travelling alone; to have casually offered herself to fill a dependant situation in a family of whom she had never before heard; to leave that family in company with a woman whose conduct was a disgrace to her sex; to be insulted; and after being rescued, still to remain in a manner under protection
of

of strangers, all men; no active relative to appeal to, no settled home, no expecting friends to speak of, but to continue in an inn with people of whom she was so much ashamed; ah! what could explain her conduct and situation, but that discovery which would not only end her connexion with Montreville, but end it with contempt on his side, and shame on her's.

Mr. Garnet was a sort of man who loved his wife and child; had a large quantity of shiners, and knowing, as he said, every guinea went for twenty-one shillings, valued himself on his independance, without giving himself the least trouble about the liking or disliking of the world, and would not take a whiff of tobacco the less or more, no, not for his favorite General Washington; he was civil to Rosa at first, because she had been kind to his Rosy, and he continued so, because she really had an irresistable suavity of manner about her, which added to her remarkable sweetness of countenance and symetry of person, inspired what friendship his heart was capable of feeling;

ing ; but his vulgar conversation, and his self loving, self opiniated manners, were so new and so entirely disagreeable, that even Mrs. Garnet's company was pleasant in comparison of his ; this then was another objection to the making herself known to her mother, since it was not merely an hour, day, or a week, it was the fate of her whole life that depended on the conduct of the present moment, since she either must sink to their low habits, or they rise to her refinement ; the first her soul recoiled against, the last was impossible ; the alternative therefore was obvious.

Mr. Garnet smoked all his pipes by his wife's bed, who was now recovering very fast, and Rosa had already signified her intentions to leave Pontefract ; so distracted indeed was her mind, and so eager was she to escape from the mortifications which threatened to environ her, that the act had most probably preceded the notice, had not the fatal embargo still continued on her purse ; and while Mr. Montreville was engaged in rap-

rapturous description of her charming accomplishments, to which were attached his absolute certainty that she was a woman of superior family and connexions, she was in the most mortifying embarrassment how to raise a few guineas, to carry her from the only relative she knew, into a world where she was an unprotected unique.

She arose after a sleepless night, with the reflections of the preceding evening still impressed on her mind, and had the resolution to decline seeing Mr. Montreville, who was at Pontefract before she rung her bell. Dejected by the painful necessity of incurring obligations, where her heart revolted from an acknowledged duty, as she had no possible means of supplying the expence of her journey, but borrowing of Mr. Garnet, after visiting her mother, she busied herself in arranging her few wearables, and endeavouring to reconcile pride to necessity.

In the afternoon a second message was delivered from Mr. Montreville, by his old friend

friend the chambermaid; and finding he seemed disposed to keep his station till he had an interview, she at length met him at the tea table, where he had the evening before sipped not tea, but nectar with her.

Mr. Montreville was now in his twenty-sixth year; his figure, face, and deportment, a happy combination of elegance, grace, and grandeur; and added to these "a lover, is a more than ordinary being; he is full of a divinity which speaks and acts within him; there is no accomplishment, no virtue, no heroism which he is not capable of attaining while in the state of inspiration, and in the sight of his beloved."

Whether Horace had not been in the habit of mixing with accomplished women, or whether this was the predestined hour of serious passion, certain it is, Rosa's heart had not been more free from attachment than his own; and having laboured very hard to convince his friends at the Grange that the lovely Rosa was virtuous, well
born,

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

born, and finely educated; and having with that facile rapidity which is to smooth every difficulty in the way of a full fancy, made it extremely clear, that lady to whom he was by honor bound would be abundantly better pleased with a whole fortune, and her own free election, than to share it with a husband whom she did not know, and had probably no curiosity about, he brought with him the permission of the Admiral to address her, and the but half cordial wishes of the Captain for his success.

Mr. Montreville had a manner of enforcing serious subjects peculiar to himself; he pleaded his passion and avowed his sincerity in terms equally simple and urgent; had he been addressing the veriest coquet in nature, it would have not been easy for her to affect either to disbelieve, or not understand he was pleading for more than life.

Our heroine could not doubt a truth confirmed by every speaking feature; he implored her to give him hope; his happiness depended on her lips, and he awaited their sentence with the agonies of a culprit.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A thousand different sensations crowding on her mind, took from Rosa all power to speak; once, and but once before, she had been addressed by a lover; but how different were her feelings then and now; she had not yet learned to act a part; her eyes beamed with tenderness on her kneeling lover; her lips quivered, but no voice was heard; her hands, which he passionately embraced, trembled, and what hope such emotions could inspire, was Montreville's.

Enchanted by a silence which conveyed more delight than the highest grace of elocution; he spoke of his happiness as an event he might be permitted to expect; told her his prospects were yet more brilliant than that of succeeding to the fortune of his venerable grandfather; that he was the actual and rightful heir to a British peerage; that he had been defrauded of his birth right by means so disgraceful, that he had every reason to expect, from the offers of accommodation already made, his adversaries would come to any terms rather than have their dark actions exposed; but as this was an uncertainty,
more

more particularly as one circumstance remained to be elucidated, on which a most material part of his proof depended, he would only offer to her acceptance two thousand pounds a-year, the Admiral had settled on him during life, and the certainty of his whole fortune, at a period he hoped would be long, long ere it arrived, besides a fortune he was taught to believe, still larger, in right of his mother's family.

Rosa was painfully flattered, but her heart bounded not like Montreville's with hope; she hesitatingly, and in a faint voice faltered out something about the Admiral's permission, which was eagerly answered in the affirmative. He was the most noble and generous of men, and would apply to any of *her friends* she would condescend to name, not on a pecuniary expectation, but merely to avow the pleasure he should feel in the alliance.

Rosa rather groaned than sighed.

Montreville started; but perceiving her downcast eye was fixed, he proceeded to say, her manners, her sentiments, her education, were vouchers for the eligibility of her connexions;

nexions; the Admiral was a great family man, hers, if genial with herself, might confer honor, but could receive none.

"Good God! Miss Walsingham," he exclaimed, at seeing the blood retreat from her cheeks and lips, in the instant that she fell off her chair.

He rung the bell; the waiter and maid servants appeared; a cold perspiration bedewed her face; she was lifted up, her laces cut, and air let into the room, but the fit continued so obstinate, that Mrs. Garnet's surgeon was sent for, who breathed a vein, which had the desired effect; she revived, hid her face, and burst into tears.

"The young lady," said the surgeon, "has really fatigued herself so much, and her delicate form seems so little adapted to endure it, that I wonder this has not happened before."

Mr. Montreville had remonstrated with as much earnestness as he could presume to use, against the unremitting attention Rosa paid Mrs. Garnet, the close confinement, want of air, and anxiety she had undergone, might well

well affect her ; but there was a hopeless anguish in the expression of her countenance the instant before she fainted, and a burst of grief so moving when she cast her eyes on him after her recovery, that notwithstanding all the flattering omens he drew from the tenderness she betrayed, the truth sunk deep into his heart, that there really was a concealed mystery about her, which menaced destruction to his peace.

The surgeon desired she might be left to her repose ; and Montreville having solemnly pledged his word to return to the Grange that night, measured back in heaviness and anguish the tedious steps over which he had flown in the morning on wings of hope and expectation.

As soon as Rosa was assured he was gone, she sent for Mr. Garnet ; he had been profuse in his thanks for her care of his Rosy ; offered to present her with his own massy gold watch ; was hurt when she refused it ; and moreover she had seen him take a handful of shiners out of his leather trunk, and put them loose into his waistcoat pocket.

“ Well,

“ Well, my girl,” quoth Mr. Garnet, as he approached the bed, “ and how goes it with thee now ? thee beest a poor shadow of a thing, fit only for fair weather ; come, cheer up, have a good heart, and make thyself happy till Rosy is able to be jogging, then we’ll all bundle off together ; what I warrant thee wont dislike our cabin ; we have got a long garden and summer house, and china bowls thee may swim in ; and Rosy’s got as nice as wax now ; her tables and chairs be like looking glasses ; we had a few tugs at first, for she was a little fluttish when I married her, but she’s a goodish wench in the main, if one keeps a sharp look out after her, else she will sup the monkey, more’s the pity.”

Mr. Garnet was all this while employed ; he had his chair to reach, his hat to hang up, and his pipe to fill ; so the fresh flood of impatient tears, which Rosa shed on her pillow, was unnoticed.

After many vain attempts to speak she assumed spirit to say, that as her affairs absolutely called her to London, she would thank
Mr.

Mr. Garnet to lend her five guineas, which in addition to the trifle in her purse, she calculated would carry her to town.

“ Five guineas !” repeated Garnet, “ thee shall not want five, no, nor ten guineas, when we show our faces in Paradise-street ; what should thee be in a hurry to go to London, for, thee hast no friends there, else they would inquired after thee before now ; besides thee have got a sweetheart, and that’s all thy heart can desire.”

Stung at the terms on which Mr. Garnet’s friendship was to be purchased ; her heart, ready to burst at the natural and just conclusion in respect to her friends, and indignant at the idea of a *sweetheart’s* being a necessary appendage to her happiness, Rosa’s first emotions were anger and contempt ; but “ the Admiral’s application to *her friends*,” recurred ; her brain was on fire.

“ For God’s sake, Sir,” cried she, “ do not distress me ; I should be truly happy to oblige Mrs. Garnet, but——”

“ But

“ *But you wont,*” interrupted Garnet; “ well, my girl, I can say no as well as you; one good turn deserves another; you serve me, I serve you; that’s the way I got my shiners, and that’s the way I mean to keep them, and so good night.”

The anguish of this disappointment was the more keen as it was wholly unexpected; but her unabating eagerness to escape from the tender importunities of Mr. Montreville, and the application of the Admiral to *her friends*, preserved her spirits from being totally subdued by her situation; she must go ten miles before she could procure the regular conveyance to London; the chambermaid had, among her other undesired communications, mentioned the carriage in which she came from Northampton to Sheffield, which was that majestic moving vehicle a stage waggon; no matter, an escape from Montreville, from herself, was all she had at heart; and as there was no hardship or difficulty not criminally desperate, but what was preferable to remaining
where

where she was in her present situation ; she rung for the girl, and led to her waggon adventures, but again mortification and dismay was her portion ; this was Friday ; no waggon passed within ten miles till the Tuesday following,

Rosa closed her eyes, and with a bitter groan dismissed the girl.

Thus agonized, standing as it were alone in a world where, turn which way she would, difficulties and distress encompassed her ; as a last and desperate resource, she half formed a resolution to discover herself to her mother, and implore her assistance ; from this step however her heart instantly recoiled ; to own her consanguinity would be to bind herself in slavery to the folly of an intemperate mother, and the whimsical tyranny of her husband ; to be the stationed companion of vulgarity, and to have her ears shocked, her feelings wounded, and her understanding outraged every hour of the day.

Wearied

Wearied with a thousand schemes which she was obliged to reject as soon as formed, without abating her ardent desire to leave the scene of so many complicated evils, sleep at length closed her eyes, and her sorrows were sunk in the "honey heavy dew of slumber."

CHAP. IV.

“ If there be a style which never becomes obsolete,—a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance.”

MR. MONTREVILLE had in the mean time reached the Grange, with look and manner so different from what he parted with it in the morning, as greatly alarmed the Admiral and his friend.

In his impatience to atone for his abrupt departure from Pontefract the preceding day,

he had braved a summer storm, and by sitting in his damp clothes, while his mind was enraptured with the discovery of Rosa's accomplishments, laid the foundation of a severe cold, which was now so increased by returning with the reins on his horse's neck, again exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that when he got home it was difficult to say which was most disordered, his mind or body.

Mr. Montreville was beloved, as well as respected, by his grandfather's domestics; they all shared in their master's concern; and poor Christiana was inconsolable when the Admiral, after attentively feeling his pulse, declared he had no small degree of fever.

A servant was dispatched for a doctor, and the affectionate grandfather insisted on occupying an arm chair on one side of the bed, while Seagrove, with a dismal phiz, sat at the other, and while Montreville, with an aching head, sore throat, and heavy heart, wished for nothing so much as to be left to a dark room and his own reflections.

"I can't help fearing," said the Admiral, in a half whisper and half groan, "that fine creature at Pontefract has made my poor Horace uneasy to-day."

"Very like," replied the Captain, in the same key; "the only way to go heart whole through the boisterous voyage of life, is to steer clear of the mermaids."

"Dear Tom, your ideas are a little gross; I beg your pardon."

"Ye have it, Admiral,—ye have it heartily."

Montreville sighed; had he been disposed to rest, the conversation of his friends was not calculated to promote it.

"What shall I do for you, my dear son?" asked the Admiral tenderly.

"Do!" cried Seagrove, "the only thing any body can do to please him, is to get him the girl,—I can see that plain enough."

"She is certainly an adorable creature," whispered the Admiral, "and nothing is so touching to a sensible mind, as the Italian language spoken by a beautiful woman."

"As to the lingo," replied Seagrove, "though I have been so many times at Leghorn, I can't say as I know much about it; it seemed to me mighty whining sing song sort of stuff; the only thing I liked in it was the proverb our linguist interpreted, of "Deeds are men, and words are women;" however 'tis better from beautiful women than beautiful men, that I can't deny; but as to the good ont, give me plain old English."

Mr. Montreville was relieved from a conversation he could neither bear nor forbear, by the arrival of the doctor; but, though he insisted on the necessity of leaving the patient to his servant, it was with difficulty the Admiral could be persuaded to retire to his own chamber.

"I am afraid," said he, shaking hands with the Captain, "my poor Horace has not been a successful wooer."

"Poh! poh! Admiral, you are out in your reckoning; I'll be bound 'tis but ask and have."

"I

“ I think she could not refuse him.”

“ She refuse ! she has more wit ; she refuse Horace Montreville ! the handsomest dog in the county,—Admiral Herbert’s heir, and a lord by the grace of God ; she refuse ! she be—”

The Captain stopped, and having reached his own chamber, paced it up and down, ruminating on Horace and the cause of his illness ; he perceived there was something which had vexed and disconcerted him ; he had no idea of a sentiment that could restrain a man from telling a woman he liked her, if he really did so, though he was always astonished when he fancied there were men who took that trouble for the joke’s sake ; he by no means approved of his young friend breaking his engagement, yet if he would run a head, why he might as well strike in among the breakers of folly, as founder in the sea of despondence ; so he resolved to lend him a hand, and break the affair to the young woman himself.”

The Captain being on horse back at day break, arrived at Pontefract by the time the house was stirring, and immediately ordered Rosa to be called, as he had particular business with her. Rosa started; "Business!" she repeated, as she hurried her dress, and sat down every second, to endeavour at that composure it was impossible to attain, and conscious of the imbecility of all her attempts, she at length reached the room where the Captain waited to see her.

He saluted her with a sort of affectionate "Howd'ye," instead of the surly, "What cheer, what cheer," she had been used to from him, and seeing her stand agitated and irresolute, even reached her a chair.

The Captain had left the Grange resolved to come to the point with Rosa, and the last thing he apprehended was the failure of his courage or resolution; but he had not been in the habit of feeling his rough nature softened and awed by the tenderness and delicacy of a modest woman; this however really happened now, and his confusion was as new as the sentiment which caused it.

Rosa

Rosa, more alarmed at his silence than even by his visit, sat in painful expectation of hearing the motive of both, and at length raising her eyes with an expression both of sadness and curiosity, met his not less mild, though less expressive ones, fixed on her face; but her glance of inquiry produced no satisfactory reply; the Captain wondered what was the matter with himself; sure, thought he, I have not got a locked jaw; and he raised his hard brown hand to his no less weather beaten face, to make sure all was right.

"You had particular business with me, Captain Seagrove," at length faltered Rosa.

"Business! why, ay, Miss, I have something to say to you." And the ice being broke, he went on with increasing courage.

"Business about young Montreville: You must know, Miss, he made home last night in a very scurvy condition, looking as if he had lost his weather gage."

"I am very sorry, Sir, but—"

"Well, I know that; you could not help his g un looks, though your own are little better; but as I was saying, 'tis a cursed foolish

course he has been steering ever since the unlucky squall that brought us along-side of you, and that ugly old hulk ; but you say she is nothing to you, only belike a consort you picked up by accident ; and so much the better, for as I said to the old Admiral, who though a little proud and finical, is as good a seaman as ever reefed a topsail ; to be sure he will yaw a parcel of nonsense about jukes and lords, and them sort of fandangus trumpery, and puts a parcel of gibberish whims into the head of all the women he falls in with ; but then his heart is as sound as a biscuit ; I have sailed, man and boy, with him, forty years, reckoning the time I have laid to in his wake at the Grange ; and whenever the old boy slips his cable, not a man of the whole crew will wish to stay behind him."

Rosa listened to this scarce intelligible harangue, out of which she could select nothing that particularly interested herself, except the Admiral's "nonsense about jukes and lords."

The

The Captain's verbosity and feeling always went together; he was now wiping a tear off his sun-burnt cheek, which gave his hard countenance a grace Rosa thought it greatly wanted.

"But as to that," he continued, "why we must all kick the bucket one time or another; and as I was saying, what with rich prizes, and honest agents, and there's a plentiful scarcity of them there cattle, I can tell you Miss, whenever Horace gets the Grange, he'll find every part well stowed; and besides that, Miss, why he's right heir to a lord; his father was a lubberly son of a——; but as the Admiral says 'tis bad manners to swear before the women, because, poor souls, that's talking in a lingo they can't understand, except indeed such old hulks as your consort, and I dare say she's up to every thing; however Horace's father deserved to be brought to the gangway every second bell, and that indeed was too good for him; for why, my greyhound takes care of her young, and he wanted to destroy his own son, or what is nearly the same thing, to cheat him out of his

station ; but however if roguery be a prime sailer at setting out, the keel gets so cursedly foul, that the fine clean copper bottom of justice is sure first or last to bring it to,—and so much the better say I, Miss.”

“ Mr. Montreville’s mother, Sir, I understand,” said Rosa, who now was sufficiently interested in the Captain’s discourse, “ was the Admiral’s daughter.”

“ Yes, Miss, and a fine tight well jointed girl, they say, she was ; the old boy did not care much about her, while his son, a pickle young dog, lived, and the poor girl ! was brought up among the papishes with her old aunt, and there she run away with that black hearted nigger Horace’s father ; and no wonder for an English girl to strike to a countryman, that we all know well enough ; but she might as well have been lashed to a wherry in the bay of Biscay ; if the old boy had believed she was married, he could not have been angry in his heart, because why, the spark was kin to some of the tiptops of his own kindred, and as it happened, the rot got into the noble stock ; so this youngster started up like a mushroom in

one

one night, to be a lord; and then what does the shaberoon, but shy off, and swear he was never married, just as if it signified a rope's end whether he were or no, if he promised, and she, poor girl! believed; so then the old boy turned her, and her young one, that strapping fellow Horace, that is now, quite adrift, and never thought of either till his son, young pickle, was shot; then he would have given all he had in the world, and himself into the bargain, to hear of his daughter; but what the devil signifies my telling you this long rig-marole story,—what I had to say was about Horace.”

“And what, Sir, have you been saying but about him?”

“Ay, ay, 'tis about him in the long run, to be sure; so you see, Miss, we light on him haphazard; as to his mother, poor woman, she has long since foundered; but here's the case, the young man, my lord as will be, as ill luck would have it, just as he was setting sail, on the look out for another young woman, quite a galleon richly laden with gowld, jewels, and precious stones, he falls in with you and that

old hulk, and nothing will sarve him but he must break his word to tother young woman and marry you,—curfed cakish, is it not, Miss ?”

There are circumstances and events under which, be it ever so well prepared, the heart cannot harden itself; and it is one of the most painful and macerating circumstances annexed to reduced fortune, that it renders the sufferer tremblingly alive to the manner in which they are treated by the more fortunate; they feel slights never offered, and resent offences never meant. Montreville's story, though related in such an uncouth and unconnected manner, affected Rosa; her tears dropped on the sorrows of his unfortunate mother, and it was with difficulty she could repress the emotions of compassion every word respecting himself excited, till Seagrove mentioned his former engagement, and the misadventure of his falling in with her; when, conceiving him to be an emissary of the Admiral, and that the tale, which, though prolix, she had found interesting, was actually intended to humble the vanity which the attention of his heir might have

have naturally raised, and at once put an end to her presumptuous hope, by contrasting the views of his friends, his high rank, fortune, and noble expectations, with the meaness, the ambiguity, and wretchedness of hers:—

All the haughtiness attendant on conscious rectitude inflamed her heart; her eyes sparkled with indignation; the emanations of a mind formed to enjoy and bear privations with equal dignity, shone in her countenance; she arose, and was proceeding towards the door, when Seagrove, totally unconscious of offence, arose likewise, and walking with her to the end of the room, put his arm under hers, and turned her back with a motion so unexpected, that she had no power to speak her anger or surprise. He resumed his discourse during this space, and continued that, as well as a repetition of the same rapid movement, when they traversed back to the other end of the room; by which time she became again interested in the matter of his communication, though still disgusted with the manner.

“ But

“But pulling against wind and tide,” continued he, “is labour in vain, or just as good; one makes no way: so, you see, Miss, t’other young woman must be left in the offing,—because why, the Admiral was taken himself by foreign lingo, and belike he has a craving in his age for what he loved in his youth; and that, to be sure, is but natural; especially as Horace says he knows all about you. He don’t indeed say you have got any money; but that is all ballast; the old boy don’t mind money, nor I neither: you are comed, he says, of honest parentage, which is a good thing; for what’s bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh; and that’s the chief thing our old boy sets his heart upon; for you see, Miss, setting case, that old hulk there was your aunt, or your cousin, or your mother, why what could be expected but you would take after her; and for young Montreville for to come for to go to bring a drunken swab to the Grange, why ’twould raise a mutiny in a jiff: because why, all the rest of the women, from Mrs. Lynn, nay for the matter of that, I might say from

from Horace's brown venture Christiana, down to blind Bess of the lodge,—why they would every mother's babe of them be wanting a sup, and that Will Ratlin would never suffer: because why, no discipline could be kept; and he finds it hard enough, as it is, for the old Admiral makes all the women rampant; so, Miss, as that's the case, the Admiral and I have had a over haul of premises, and we be willing, as we can't help it, and as we think you are a civil young woman (though to be sure you may be a vagrant for all we know); why, if you'll give me a bit of a line, just with the name of your parents, and the minister of the parish where they are stationed, just to ask about their characters and way of life, and whether you had any grandfathers and grandmothers, and how they behaved themselves—why you see we may take you in tow to the port of matrimony, and you may send your band-box to the Grange.”

At the conclusion of this speech the Captain let go the arm he had continued to hold; and, having rung for pen, ink, and paper, pulled

pulled the nearest table and chair, which happened to be placed between Rosa and the door, and leisurely taking out his glasses, put them on.

"Now, Miss," said he, looking at her, "why, what the—why, Miss—why sure you ben't—my—barnacles—are hazy—why sure you bent crying! But may be 'tis for joy, or may be you and Horace have had a set-to; he came home plaguy glum last night. Come, never mind that; the falling out of sweethearts is the lovingest thing in the world; come now, what are the christian and surnames of your father and mother? 'cause you see we must humour the old boy."

There was such an unaccountable mixture of rudeness and feeling in the manner of Captain Seagrove,—such a jumble of truth and inconsistency,—such apparent unconcern, and yet such cutting allusions to her real situation, that she could neither admit nor wholly reject the belief, that he really was acquainted with her whole history; neither could she with more certainty conclude whether he were,

as a few minutes before she suspected, sent to mortify her, or whether he had made this officious visit, and literally meant all he said. "The names, Miss, come, the names," was however repeated too loud and too often to be disregarded.

"I can neither understand nor answer you, Sir," she hesitatingly replied.

"No! why that's very odd; I have answered and understood a more difficult question through a ship's trumpet, with a hard gale of wind full in my teeth."

"That might easily happen, Sir; and yet—"

"Not so easy, Miss, as you may think; for setting case, here we'll say you have all your sails up, before the wind."

"Good God! Sir," said Rosa, impatiently interrupting him, "what is all this stuff to me?"

"Stuff!" repeated Captain Seagrove, tossing off his barnacles, and throwing away the pen with indignation; "Stuff, Miss!" but, shrugging his shoulders, and resuming the pen with an air that spoke his thorough
thorough

thorough contempt of her ignorance, he again demanded the christian and surname of her father and mother.

“ Let me ask you, Sir,” said Rosa, in a low and tremulous voice, “ does Mr. Montreville know—”

She could not proceed; her mind was divided betwixt hope, that he was ignorant of the visit and its purport, and fear that though it was impossible a man so elegant, so delicate, and so sensible, should send so ill-adapted an agent on a business he had himself treated with such respectful tenderness, he might consent to have inquiries made in respect to her family and connexions, and that, on the result of these inquiries, depended his future determination in regard to herself.

But however he might be influenced by the mystery which she rejoiced hung over her, (as nothing in that moment appeared to her so insupportable as a discovery that she was indeed the daughter of the being held in such sovereign contempt) her resolution respecting him was made in the instant Captain Seagrove announced his engagement with another;
and

and it was, she flattered herself, in mere compliment to the dignity of human nature she felt gratified and happy, when Seagrove owned Mr. Montreville was entirely unacquainted with the visit and its motives.

"Then, Sir," said she, "you will not have occasion to take the trouble of writing; I will give Mr. Montreville himself all the information it is necessary for him to have about me."

"I never will consarn myself about women again, as long as I live," cried the Captain, pettishly; "here's poor Horace sick in his hammock, and the Admiral croaking like a pip'd hen. I wanted to make all tight, and this is my thanks: but follow your own course; give you but length of rope, and you'll soon do for yourself; you'll hail me when you are in distress, I know you wool; but, though Tom Seagrove's that man that won't flinch, he won't be made a cat's paw; and so, Miss, your sarvant. A pretty mess you have brought me into! twelve mile here, and now twelve mile back, at meridian, on that cursed jolting devil Will Ratlin's mare.

I had rather pace the quarter deck against time under the line, than be roasted alive upon horse flesh,—and so your servant, Miss,—your servant.”

He left the room, and Rosa returned to her chamber the image of despondence.

Mr. Garnet having concealed from his wife both Rosa's application and his rejection, she was at a loss to account for her absence, and eager to see her.

Garnet said, that ill-favored Captain was with her; but, as his Rosy was not to be pacified, he watched his going, and sent to request our heroine would visit his wife.

The little boy, who was the messenger on this occasion, just peeped into the room, and ran back with the information, that Miss Walsingham was saying her prayers.

This was the second time Rosa was detected at her devotions; but never indeed had her heart been more thankfully [elated,—never had she knelt before her Maker with a more lively sense of his providence.

She

She had returned, as we have said, to her chamber in the most cruel agitation; the world, all of it with which, at least, she was connected, seemed combined to torture and distress her; and she felt it impossible to support existence under the pressure of such accumulating evils; her head turned giddy, and staggering to a chair, she overturned her little portmanteau, which being open, the few things in it fell on the floor. It was some moments before she had strength or inclination to move; her very soul was wounded. Every killing word Capt Seagrove had uttered, which at all referred to her miserable state, recurred to her memory;—the idea of Montreville, the recollection of the open manly tenderness with which he had avowed himself her lover,—the sense, the candour, the honor, nay the purity of his sentiments and manners,—the pleasing transport of a first and fond attachment, certain on her side, and professedly so on his,—would rise in sweet array before her mental view: but, then his engagement, his fortune, his rank, the pride of the Admiral, the

the meanness, the ignominy of her origin, her poverty, and friendless situation succeeded.

“Alas!” said she, “what shall I do! whither turn me! Ah! my dear, my paternal friends, do ye behold the agonies of my soul? alas! alas! ‘the majesty of human nature resides in the grave;’ oh! would heaven that there, my sad and wearied head might for ever rest!”

She wrung her hands, and almost unknowing what she did, threw the clothes, without order or regard, into her portmanteau. Something dropped from them; it was the morocco purse into which Lady Hopely had slipped her card of address. This little memento gave a short respite to her excruciating sensations; it carried her back to Edinburgh: “Kind Lady Hopely, sweet Mrs. Stewart, blessed,” she cried, “be your genial spirits!” Her heart seemed bursting; no tear from her aching eye gave relief to her sad heart; a momentary despair threw her into a passion bordering on frenzy; she tore open the morocco purse; the card dropped; she attempted to replace it; her trembling fingers could

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

could not immediately slide it in; the card caught in another pocket hitherto unobserved; her eye glanced on a paper; she removed it, to make room for the card; the soft touch surprised her; she opens, she reads, and sinks on her knees, in which attitude she was seen by little Garnet.

The enlarged heart of Lady Hopely satisfied not its generous feelings with expressions of pity; her eccentricities were generally known; her benevolence more generally felt and blessed; her rewards were princely; her charities unbounded; like too many of her age, rank, and sex, she was thoughtless, inconsiderate, and expensive; but her heart, her warm heart, had no share in the errors of imitation; she was borne away in the tide of fashion when young, beautiful, and adored; yet, though gaiety and dissipation carried her from herself, it could not blunt her feelings,—it could not divert her attention from the cries of the wretched, nor prevent her from being the herald of comfort to distress and misfortune, where or whenever

met her. Compassion carried her to Mrs. Buhanun, and curiosity to Rosa; she heard, with benign pity the ardent wish of the child of sorrow, only to reach London; and yet she spoke of no resources, no certain friend to welcome her thither. Her ladyship remarked this, and made her own comments; she gave her address, and added to that address and promise of protection, means to support her till the latter could be claimed. Rosa, as she kneeled, held in her hand an English bank note of twenty pounds. How rapid is the succession of hope to the anguish of despair!

“ True hope is swift, and flies on swallows’ wings;

“ Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

How, in one moment, was every prospect now reversed! what a pleasing hurry succeeded to desponding lassitude! She put her clothes with care and order into her portmanteau, locked it, and buckled the straps; inwardly exulting that now, at last, she was enabled to pursue her journey without danger, mortification, or distress; she lightly tripped

tripped to her mother's chamber ; there indeed, she experienced a transient inquietude. Mr. Garnet was not a bad hearted man ; he really liked her, and the increasing fondness of his wife for her, rendered her company a desirable object to both ; he was glad to find she wanted his assistance, and thought he acted a politic part in making a bargain, to grant it on his own terms ; but on hearing from his son how he found her employed, his heart smote him ; he told his Rosy how he had acted, and what were his motives.

Mrs. Garnet fell into an agony of tears at hearing that *the well-behaved young body, who was such good company*, was distressed for money ; and reproached her husband for his cruelty in refusing to lend it to one whom she was sure had saved her life.

Mr. Garnet was smoaking a last pipe of the best Virginia, which he had carried from town with him ; and the reflection, that it *was* the last, contributed to lower his spirits ; his whiffs grew longer and longer, till his pipe dropped, and he fairly wept with his Rosy.

It was at this interesting moment Rosa entered the room; fearing some distressing accident had happened, she stopped, and silently hoped no new tie on her duty had occurred.

"Thee be come in good time, my girl," said Garnet; "I am sorry I did not give thee the money; wife's quite down in the mouth about it."

Mrs. Garnet, whose leg was still in a cradle, and herself obliged to keep to her bed, opened her arms to welcome and receive a visitor, who was very dear to her; she wept on her neck, and by way of excuse for her husband, confessed their wish to retain her with them.

"If fifty or an hundred shiners will do thee good, here they be; take them; or if thee do wish to send them any where, I'll give thee a draft; but don't leave poor Rosy."

Rosa was affected; her mother really looked pitiful; and Garnet's hand, filled with shiners, was offered her; she wished to decline accepting any, but he looked so mortified and sorrowful, and she was so anxious to

be arranging all things for her departure, that to avoid further solicitation, she took the five guineas, and said, though she had not yet fixed the immediate time for her departure, yet such was the urgency of her affairs, it was not possible for her to remain at Pontefract till Mrs. Garnet could be safely removed.

Mrs. Garnet wept; her husband said, "Well, if it be so, it must; but thee had better take some more money."

"Ay do," joined Mrs. Garnet; "for though you are *such a well-behaved young body*, and *such good company*, London is a dull place without money."

Rosa thanked them, and said, if she had occasion, she would certainly ask for it.

They dined together, and when Mrs. Garnet dropped asleep, and her husband dropped his pipe, our heroine retired to her chamber, and rung for her fountain of intelligence, the chamber maid, whom she immediately asked, if her interest was strong enough with the ostler to persuade him to keep a secret.

“No indeed,” the girl replied, “for John Ostler, who had come down from London, on purpose to be her fellow servant, had been turned off that very day, and was hired at the other inn; and, please God, she would not stay long after him.”

“Another inn!” Rosa put a crown into her hand, and the girl engaged that John Ostler should have a chaise from his inn, which should wait at the Market-place, and receive both her and her baggage.

Rosa’s reasons for concealing her departure were cogent and manifold, and following the example of *other great* writers, we shall make the readers acquainted with such of them as suits ourselves, and leave the remainder to their own ingenuity.

First, by not taking leave of the Garnets, she avoided the pain of her mother’s regrets, who, though unconscious of the ties of natural affection, certainly did feel an attachment to her, which at least proved the gratitude of her disposition; and she also avoided the solicitation of both her and her husband to give them her address in

TOWN

town, which the great difference between her connexion and theirs would have rendered very inconvenient to comply with.

Second, should Sir Jacob Lydear feel himself inclined to honor her with any more of his notice, she escaped that also;—and last of the *promised* reasons, should there happen to be a being in the world, who had the presumption to imagine, that however inferior in the accidental favor of that blind gipsy, fortune, who was at this moment most unmercifully ungoddesfed, that her little heart was not as proud, as disinterested, and as honorable as the best; if certain high-minded folks fancied that poverty of circumstances and poverty of mind were one and the same thing, they would find themselves mistaken, that was all; and so, with a heart that must rather be called eager, agitated, and hurried, than light, she hastened down stairs, when her colleague gave her notice, that the portmanteau was deposited in the chaise, and John Ostler waited near to conduct her to it.

One difficulty occurred during the few minutes she was collecting her thoughts, which was
in

in regard to the money, which to appease Mrs. Garnet, and to please her husband, she had taken of them.

Her first impulse was to inclose it in the billet she left for them; but she considered that step would really distress a still suffering parent, and inflict on her mind that most torturing of all evils, *self-reproach*; since, according to the reckoning of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet, they were under obligation to her, and however well disposed she felt to dispense mortifications among some other of her recent connexions her wish was to increase their felicity; accordingly she wrote a short note, assuring Mrs. Garnet of her affectionate regards; hinting at a sudden necessity for quitting them; thanked her for the five guineas which she would take the first opportunity to go to Paradise-street to repay, and see their pretty garden and summer house; sent twenty kisses to little Phil; and entreated them, if they had any regard for her, to answer no questions whatever concerning her to *any body*. She then snatched up a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote—

To

TO H. MONTREVILLE, ESQ.

" *Sir,*

" The last words I had the honor to say to your friend, when he condescended to pay me his very extraordinary visit, were, that I should myself inform *you* of all it was necessary *you* should be acquainted with concerning me ; that necessity however does not include the gratification of impertinent curiosity. It is sufficient to tell you, Sir, I never yet broke an engagement of honor myself, nor will countenance it in another. The name and residence of my father is buried in my heart ; but whether his character, his ancestry, and his alliance be, or be not, worth the trouble your friend was so good as to take, of this be assured ; neither my own family, nor any other, shall ever blush to acknowledge

ROSA WALSHINGHAM."

Having

Having read over this wonderfully heroic epistle with a glow of internal triumph, she gave it the maid, with an additional half guinea, for care and secrecy, in delivering it into Mr. Montreville's own hands, and perfectly pleased to think he would be completely miserable, she hastily left the house, in a high flow of false spirits, and having cast one tender look towards the road which led to the Grange, was proceeding to the market-place, when the sudden ringing of the bells, and commotion of the people, made her return into the house.

An *avant courier* had just arrived, to order a relay of horses for the daughter of Admiral Herbert, who had for many years been supposed to be dead, but who was now travelling post towards her father's mansion.

Such was the universal respect in which the old officer was held; and such was the interest excited in all ranks, by the extraordinary events in his family, that in every town where the one was known and the other heard of, she was received with every possible demonstration of joy.

Ad-

At Pontefract, where the Admiral was a general benefactor to the poor, boughs of evergreens were hastily torn down, and gardens stripped of flowers, to strew the road, and ribbons cut by the shop-keepers, to decorate the servants and horses; the *avant courier* was almost forcibly detained, to have all the gaudy colours of the rainbow twisted round him and his horse.

Rosa deeply sighed; this was an event that would not give Montreville time even to be stung by her letter; again she left the inn, and amid the bustle of general joy, threw herself into the chaise, and taking the road to Ferry-bridge, instead of Sheffield, arrived there just before the Newcastle coach passed, with a vacant place, in which she proceeded to London without any further difficulty.

CHAP. VI.

“ Human nature is never so debased, as when ignorance is armed with power and inflated with pride.”

SO entirely engrossed was Rosa, by a recollection of the past, and perhaps unknown to herself, indulging something like hope in the future, that she had not once thought about the where to go, or what to do, at the long delayed end of her journey ; when, however, the coach drove up the inn yard, and she beheld a motley crowd, of formidable appearance, in comparison of those about the country inns ; when the welcome greeting of friends, who waited the arrival of her fellow passengers, reached her ears ; when the hearty shaking

shaking of hands among the men, and salutation among the women, were over; and she saw herself an object of general observation, while the waiter of the inn held the steps for her to dismount, she was at once transported from Pontefract, and all her embarrassment there, to the yard of an inn in London—far removed from the objects that had so entirely engrossed her ideas, and feeling even more desolate in her escape than she had been in the midst of all her troubles.

“Shall I call you a coach, madam?” and, “remember the porter, madam,” were all, in the hurry and confusion of her thoughts, she perfectly understood: she seemed to be alone in the peopled world, and in that moment thought, of her mother, and regretted the absence of her natural protector.

“Where is the coachman to go, madam?”

“To Dr. Croak’s, Walbrook.”

“Dr. Croak’s,” said the man, scratching his head—“do you know the house, madam?”

“I think I do.”

The

The few days Rosa passed in London previous to her journey to Scotland, in the bosom of friendship with Eleanor; receiving the civilities of Dr. Croak's family, and the most flattering attention of fatherly care from Major Buhanun; rattling from shew to shew, and from shop to shop, in the Doctor's well-appointed carriage, could give her no sort of idea of London as it now appeared; when half dead with fatigue, alone, and uncertain whether the Doctor was in town, (for she had no other doubt) she was jolted in a dirty hack, step by step, along the streets; and though her eye was attracted by the crowds, all pushing different ways, earnestly occupied by separate pursuits and interests; though the shops, now lighted up, shewed that spirit of busy industry which is quite as necessary to the prosperity of the common-wealth as the highest importance of the most self-important, nothing interested her feelings: the progress of the heavy vehicle only increased her impatience to reach Walbrook, where she should at least hear of one true friend; and certain of the propriety

priety of accepting an asylum for a few days under the hospitable roof of Doctor Croak, she had already began to consider of the means to discover her other dear friend, Mrs. Walsingham, by whose advice she pre-determined to regulate her future actions.

To those humble beings, who must either wade through the streets of the metropolis in wet weather, or be dragged over the stones in a dirty hack, the agreeables of a jumble from High Holborn to Walbrook, need not be described; nor, after riding in a heavy stage two days and a night, will it be doubted that Rosa joyfully recognized the house in Walbrook, where she had been received with every greeting of affectionate friendship, and from whence she had not been suffered to depart without extreme reluctance: her heart bounded with pleasure, tears started into her eyes, and the minute which elapsed between the coachman's rap, and the opening of the door, seemed to her the most tedious she had ever passed.

But

But transient were the pleasing sensations which filled her beating heart: it was, indeed, the same house, but the owners were changed. Doctor Croak had left it; and the servant, who was a new comer in the family, knew nothing of his master's predecessor. After having said this, as he stood with the door half closed, the light he held in his hand being blown out by a sudden gust of wind, he shut it to, and left Rosa totally incapable of answering the coachman's repeated question of, where he was now to drive.

She had escaped from the insults of Mr. Frazer, from the littleness of his wife, from the mortifications resulting from their united malice; Lord Lowder had by this time probably lost his bet; she had evaded the importunities of the amiable Montreville, and no longer dreaded the inquisition of his friends; the intemperance and vulgarity of her mother were at too great a distance to crimson her cheek, nor could she now be annoyed by the coarse manners of Mr. Garnet. Her long journey was completed; without sacrificing
pride

pride to necessity ; at length she had compassed the end which had so long been the object of her desire ; she had attained the goal of her wishes ; she was returned to the *abode of friendship, the scene of former pleasure, the centre of hospitality*, and found herself alone, unknown, unprotected, destitute of all the common comforts of existence, and a helpless stranger at that home for which her heart had panted.

Terror, disappointment, grief, and consternation absolutely deprived her of the power of utterance, till the coachman, weary of standing in the rain, asked rather petulantly, if she would return to the inn.

The question conveyed a small portion of that consolation of which she stood in so much need. The inn was then open to her ; there, where she had so late arrived, her return might not be extraordinary, nor perhaps her failing to find her friends without a precedent ; an asylum for one night only was, in her present situation, a source of comfort, and before the coach turned from the well-known door,

door, she had recollected, that, in a few hours, she would be received into the warm bosom of friendship at Mount Pleasant. A glowing sentiment in her own heart convinced her she would be a welcome guest to Mrs. Harley. Urbanity like hers was unchangeable; and she was quite as likely to receive information respecting Elinor, from her as from Doctor Croak; and thus with the facile promptitude to forget disappointment and embrace hope, which animates the youthful mind, while the coach dragged heavily on, imagination was on the wing to anticipate the meeting at Mount Pleasant. Already she felt Mrs. Harley's warm, maternal embrace; already she heard the gratulations of the few young ladies her former acquaintance who might still remain there; and lost in one of the delightful deliriums of fancy, which give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," she thought not of the hearse-like pace with which the coach was drawn up Holborn-hill, nor perceived the torrents of rain which beat on its roof; neither did the darkness of the night,

night, which the twinkling of the lamps thro' the wet rendered more dismal, appal a mind transported out of present ill by fond anticipation of coming good; till all the airy edifices of fancy were destroyed by a sudden overturn of the crazy coach, occasioned by its being locked in the wheels of another vehicle as crazy.

As Rosa's coachman had the advantage of his brother whip, both in sobriety and good humour, he soon extricated her from the danger, and carried her in his arms into a small chandler's shop, which fortunately happened not to be closed; he then fetched her portmanteau, and having recommended her to the civilities of the mistress of the shop, promised, as soon as he had taken care of his beasts, to get her another coach.

Rosa was so profoundly occupied by the wanderings of her own sanguine fancy when the accident happened; her removal from the vehicle was so sudden, and her present situation so new, that neither the dangers she had escaped, nor those which she might still encounter, struck her, till the woman had repeatedly

peatedly asked if she were alone, and far from home.

It was a simple, and a natural, but at the same time an unanswerable, question.

“ home is the resort

“ Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,

“ Supporting and supported, polish'd friends

“ And dear relations mingle into blifs.”

But no such home had our poor beggar; she was

“ Desolate even in crowds.”

The questions were again repeated, “Are you alone?” and answered with a faint “Yes.” “Are you far from home?” No answer but tears.

A motley crowd, notwithstanding the weather, were assembling, some near the shop, others round the broken carriages. Rosa glanced her affrighted eyes towards the door, and trembling at a scene so terrifying, turned pale. A servant girl observed the change in her countenance, and, after placing a chair at

at

at the further end of the little shop, ran for a glass of water.

Meanwhile, the attention of the mistress was engaged by a new object.

Rosa, it appeared, was not the only unprotected sufferer by the accident: the fare of the other coach, less fortunate in a driver, had by this time cleared herself from the wreck of the carriage, and hastened to the asylum which the open shop offered, commanding the crowd to make way, and complaining of the injury both her person and dress had sustained.

She entered the shop, declaring she was dying, her nerves were shattered to pieces. She had the misfortune to be, in the first place, a very delicate, and in the next, a very ill-used gentlewoman; and, finally, being a person of no small importance, she protested nothing should prevent her from punishing both the coachmen.—“And what,” added she, peevishly, addressing the servant girl who, regardless of her, stood chaffing Rosa’s temples, “What are you dawdling about there? reach *me* a chair and a glass of water: I dare say that Miss, whoever

whoever she be, can bear the misfortune much better than me; *her* coachman carried *her* out of the wet and dirt, though her rusty black habit could not suffer much; *my* clothes are ruined;—but it serves me right, for venturing alone in a dirty hack. See what a situation I am in!”

The lady did not complain without reason: she was certainly a very prominent as well as an unfortunate figure in the group the accident attracted.

Her face was highly rouged; and though a wreath of ever-blooming roses entwined her temples, the tale of other times was too legible to escape notice. A plume of feathers, some broken, others drenched with rain, and one or two leaning in all directions but the right, was supported by a large shewy pin, which, with ear-rings and a necklace, encompassing her bare and ample bosom, were diamonds of Dovey's manufactory; her robe was of yellow gauze, her arms were decorated with bracelets, and every finger shining with paltry gems; her person was short, squalid, and unwieldy, and her voice every thing but harmony.

Such

Such a figure, so adorned, needed not the aid of vain volubility to render it conspicuous: it excited equal wonder and ridicule in the crowd; nor could Rosa, though pale, speechless, and in tears, help regarding her with astonishment.

Finding her complaints and threats equally disregarded, the distressed lady turned her ire against the object whose modest manner and patient endurance formed a contrast which had a very mortifying effect on the spectator.

"Pray, now, good woman," cried she, darting at the same time a spiteful glance at Rosa, "if this important fit is over, have the goodness to give me a little assistance."

Rosa's innate politeness was superior to the little insult; she handed her the glass of water she had taken from the servant, which was received without the smallest acknowledgment.

"I have got a coach, Miss," said the coachman, calling from the door where it was drawn up.

The lady forgot she was dying, that her nerves were shattered to pieces, that she had
the

the misfortune to be delicacy itself, and that the water was untouched, but forcibly pushing through the crowd to the door, had one foot on the step of the coach, when the man perceiving she was not the fare about whose accommodation he was so good-naturedly anxious, insisted she should not enter it, except the young gentlewoman consented to be set down by her, and except she agreed to pay him his whole fare, from the George to the city, and from the city back.

This double attack on her feelings she resisted with all her might, and a sort of scuffle ensued, which ended in her removal from the step.

What this unfortunate lady wanted in the gentle art of persuasion, was abundantly supplied by strength of lungs; she loudly called for the number of the coach, which the man permitted her to take, without receding from his resolution: he maintained that he got the coach for his own fare, a sweet pretty young country lady, who, being a stranger, and both modest and genteel, was not fit to take care of herself at that late hour.

The

The eulogium or the manner of pronouncing it, acted like spirits on fire; and it is impossible to say to what excess the angry lady's passion might have carried her, had not a sudden snatch at one of her Dovey ear-rings damped her courage, and changed anger to fear.

As the tone of her voice had, from the commencement of the dispute about the coach, more resembled shrieking than dialogue, the change was only perceptible to the ears of the affrighted Rosa. The shouts of the crowd, though it confused the woman of the shop and her servant, could not divert her attention from a being of her own sex in distress; without recollecting her own forlorn situation, she made an effort to reach the door; but repeated shrieks from the lady, whose false gems were fast getting into the hands of depredators, and a fresh shout from the mob, drove her breathless back. "Alas!" cried she, what will become of me! Oh, my mother! my poor mother! why did I leave my poor mother!"

The

The bloodless cheeks of the chandler woman crimsoned; her eyes darted liquid fire.

“Leave your mother! your poor mother!” she exclaimed; “and are you so wicked a creature? and have I kept my doors open, at the risk of my property, to harbour an undutiful wretch who has left her poor mother! the tawdry woman might well call you *Miss*;—you know each other very well, I dare say—so troop, *Miss*—go—that I may shut my honest doors;—I have suffered enough by such cattle. It was just such another painted old jezebel that ticed away my poor Bet, and made a *Miss* of *her*; nay, it may be the same, for ought I know. Begone!—Mary shut the door.”

The testy shop-woman was in downright earnest: the seduction of a daughter lay heavy at her heart, but she was too outrageously virtuous to be softened by the misery even of her own child, rudely seizing Rosa's arm, she dragged her towards the door.

The robbed and abused Lady finding no assistance was to be hoped for from the house, called vehemently for the watch. A rattle

was

was sprung: the half-blind, half-lame and more than half-drunken guardians of the night, obeyed the summons. That part of the mob whose object was pillage, dispersed; but there yet remained, what appeared to Rosa, a myriad of demons, among whom the watchmen were not the least formidable. She was on the threshold; the door closing, with all the maid Mary's might, against her—"Oh, for mercy!" cried she, springing back, and rushing to the further end of the shop in spite of the prowess of mistress and maid.

The coachman, who saw her, called out with an audible voice, "Miss! madam! come along—I have got the coach for you, and I'll take care of *you*, never fear."

Rosa was indeed now past fear; she was at this moment a victim to terror: she had fallen on the ground totally senseless, and to all appearance dead.

The woman's indignation against bad girls was lost in fear, least the supposed criminal should expire in her house, and at least expose her to the trouble of a coroner's inquest. She shrieked murder! murder! help!

The watchmen, the crowd, the coachmen, the lady, all rushed in. "Yes," sobbed the latter, her heart softened by her own danger, "yes, the poor young creature is quite dead, and I am near it. But watchmen, I charge you with these coachmen, they are principals—and those women, they are accessories."

"Me!" cried the woman, trembling—"me! I am sure I took her in—did I not, Mr. Coachman?"

"Yes," replied he, raising Rosa gently in his arms; "but you was dragging her out again."

"And me!" cried the maid Mary, turning pale; "did I not give her water?"

"Yes; but I saw you squeeze the door against her with all your strength."

The woman had now nothing for it, but to slip a shilling into the hand of a watchman, and beg him, for the Lord's sake, to step for a neighbour, who, besides being a justice of the peace, was an elder of the chapel to which she belonged. "Oh, my dear Mr. Bronze," cried she, as he entered, "here is a sad piece of work. This woman was brought into

my

my house, out of the street, and these people say I killed her."

The black brows of the magistrate started over his fallow cheek. "Killed her!" repeated he; "how dare any body talk of killing!—killing is dying, and dying is homicide, and homicide is murder, and murder is——Lord forgive me, I don't know what it is;—it is *scandalum magnatum*; and nobody has suffered no more nor myself,—though I am a man of substance, and deals with the great, and keeps my coach, and got a will of my own.

"Oh! to be sure, Mr. Bronze, every body knows how bad you was used, when you was a 'prentice, and married your master's widow."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Suet—don't mention it—it puts me all over in a cold perspiration; besides, you know, all that is done away,—I took my character twice into court, and got it white washed both times; besides, I have money and law of my side; so, if souls as well as bodies were to be dug up out of their graves, I warrant I'll make

them pay for spering the character of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. a magistrate and a substantial tradesman."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said the Lady, "if you be a magistrate, send somebody to protect me home, and not stand profling about character; for it must be a very dirty one that wants white-washing so often."

One of the great misfortunes of this lady was, an insatiable appetite to say good things; and another, to fancy every thing she did say came under that description; she could not even now resist the vanity of wit, though at the risk of affronting a person from whom she asked protection.

The magistrate, without deigning to answer her sarcasm, supposed she lived somewhere in the purlieus of St. James's.

"You are not very far out," replied the lady".

"And this girl, I presume, belongs to you."

"Belongs to me! what does the fellow mean? I am a gentlewoman.

"Fellow!

"Fellow! insult me in my office! here, watchman, take this gentlewoman into custody."

The watchmen obeyed, and the Lady was struggling against the authority of the law, when a chariot, with three blazing moons in front, and two footmen in livery behind, stopped, by order of the owner, to witness the event of a struggle between a gay-dressed woman and two old watchmen.

To the great joy of the lady, and as great astonishment of the gentlemen, they happened to be acquainted.

The lady was entering immediately on a detail of the adventures of the evening, when suddenly recollecting the insult of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. she resolved, under the protection of an Earl, (for such her friend really was) to look the little great man into confusion.

"I am come, Sir," said she, returning to the shop, "contrary to *your order*——"

Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. was in the brilliant point of an harangue. "Take the gentlewoman away," he roared, and then

went on. "I was saying, Mrs. Suet, that—
what was I saying?"

"Please, your worship," answered maid Mary, "that there coachman was saying, as how this there young lady was used monstrous ill; and I am sure mistress nor I laid our finger on her, in way of abuse; nobody can say as we tied her in her chair, for we only putted her there; and if I did make her swallow a draught of water, it was because I had nothing else to give her."

"Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Suet!" exclaimed Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. "stop that wench's tongue: if the woman really dies——"

"Well, and if she do," cried the girl, smartly, "if your worship, or even the crowner, examines, you won't find a mark of virulence about her."

"Silence!" roared the justice; "I say, if the girl dies, it will be proved manslaughter in her own defence."

"Do you hear, my lord," cried the lady, "his worship's profound exposition of the law?"

My

My lord did not hear a syllable of the matter. The harmony of Rosa's features was returned; a hectic flush slowly animated her ashen cheeks; her sighs were more deep, but her breath more free.

"Where, in the name of all that is charming," said his Lordship, "did this lovely creature drop from?"

"Please your honour," answered the coachman, "she drop'd out of a York stage into my coach; I drove her to her friends, but they were gone, nobody knew whither; so, bringing her back, my old coach got entangled with another old coach, and both upset; so there I could do no less than get the *young* gentlewoman another coach, and that odd *old* gentlewoman would get in,

The man's narrative added a poignancy to the lady's recollection of the misadventures of the evening. Heaven and earth! was it not enough that her doves were gone, her feathers broke, the train of her yellow muslin totally spoiled, and her scarlet slippers ruined, but she must be branded with the epithet of

old gentlewoman? She actually did gasp for breath; and the maid Mary, eager to atone for former neglect, seized the first thing she could get at, which happened to be her mistress's evening potation of porter, and handed it to her across the counter.

"What filthy stuff has the creature given me!" cried the lady—having swallowed an hearty draught.

Maid Mary begged pardon—she would run for some water.

"No matter," said the lady, lifting the humble beverage again to her mouth.

During this period, Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. recollected, that it was possible he might be obliged to assign some better motive for committing a lady to the custody of the watch, than her happening to affront his character, and avowing herself a gentlewoman. He had often exposed his bare powdered head to all weathers at the door of a coronetted carriage, and he had even had the honour to bow to lords and ladies from behind his own counter; but as to the matter of holding a conversation with an Earl on the
subject

subject of affronting a lady, it was really too tremendous a business for him to adventure; so taking advantage of the general confusion, his worship stole off, fully resolved not to risk his dear character any more by premature commitments.

Whether the porter or the peer, or both, had an exhilarating effect on the lady, she was now almost as much concerned for the unfortunate stranger as the earl, her friend, could be himself; and his lordship, who had continued to gaze on Rosa with a mixture of interest and admiration, hazarded an hint that it would be an act of humanity worthy his good friend, if she carried the young lady in his chariot to her own house, and kept her there till her friends could be sent to.

The angry passions having subsided, the lady's ready assent followed all her friend's propositions; one objection only occurred; that indeed, considering every thing, was pretty obvious,—it was in regard to the character of the young stranger.

“Character!” cried the inexorable tradeswoman, “has she not herself confessed she

ran away from her mother; what character can she, or indeed any who harbours her, pretend to !”

“ Well, good woman,” answered the peer, with an air at once haughty and compassionate, “ if she have run *from*, we will endeavour to prevail on her to run *to* her mother.

“ Pray, Mr. Coachman,” said the Lady, evidently a little struck by the severity of the tradeswoman, “ where did you carry the young person in search of her friends ?”

“ To Walbrook. I think we asked for one Doctor Croak or Loke, or something like it.”

“ Doctor Croak !” cried the Lady, in a half scream; “ well, how very odd and surprising ! Doctor Croak is my particular acquaintance; that is, he was : he is retired into the country, poor man ! he has been very unfortunate ; he——”

“ Pray, my dear madam,” interrupted the earl, “ let us attend to the misfortune before us ; as you are acquainted with the friends of this lovely creature, *your character* must *rise* by your protection of her, and the
sooner

sooner she is removed from hence the better. You will assist us, my good friend."

The coachman lifted Rosa into the carriage; the lady followed, and tho' maid Mary was uncouth, and had more than once, during the last hour, fallen under the displeasure of the lady, she had the honour to be received into the chariot as her assistant, while his Lordship very delicately made choice of the hack.

The rapid motion of the carriage, drawn by two prancing bays, and driven by a dashing coachman, contributed in no small degree to the restoration of Rosa's senses, though she was not able to articulate when lifted from the chariot into a handsome house in Conduit-street.

The earl warmly recommended her to the kindness of his friend, who proved her disposition to oblige him, by sinking all her own complaints of fatigue, and the injury done to her feathers, her yellow muslin, and scarlet slippers, besides the loss of her doves, in concern for a lovely stranger, who was so much

much the object of his lordship's admiration and attention.

The earl having liberally rewarded the coachman for his care, and put a piece of money into Mary's hand, which she could scarce persuade herself was gold, it being the first time her palm had been so richly endowed, begged the lady would permit him to charge himself with every expence necessary for the recovery and accommodation of her charge, and took his leave.

The fatigue of the long journey, followed by a disappointment so unexpected, the fright of the accident, and the desolate situation to which it exposed her, even before she was terrified by the unfeeling tradeswoman, with threats of being turned out from the temporary shelter of her shop to the mercy of the crowd, who were, as she had every reason from her shrieks to suppose, wantonly injuring her fellow-sufferer, may naturally account for the fit from which Rosa now partially recovered; she was perfectly sensible of the kindness shewn her, but had no power to express her gratitude. The lady assisted to
put

put her to bed, where, after giving her some whey, she left her under the care of one female attendant, while she retired to communicate her adventure, her misfortune and her opinion, both of her noble friend and his *protegée*, to the other.

Secrets are allowed in all families. The reader must not, therefore, at this period of the history, expect to be admitted into a confidence so sacred, as that, which in all civilized countries, is allowed to subsist between a talkative mistress and her favourite Abigail.

CHAP. VII.

The Beggar begins to grow familiar with great houses and fine manners.

“**T** IRED nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” stole, by degrees, over the harrassed faculties of our heroine; and, after her long journey and recent agitation, no wonder, when her senses were once “steep’d in forgetfulness,” that it was near noon before she awoke, nor that it was not till some time after she could, by perfectly recollecting the events of the preceding evening, account for her present situation.

The servant who was left to watch by her bedside, had been called to her usual domestic occupations, and her place was supplied by
the

the confidential Abigail, who offered to assist her in dressing, as her mistress, she said, had waited two hours for her breakfast.

Rosa needed no stronger motive for dispatch: she hurried on her clothes, and followed the servant into a handsome parlour, where her hostess was sitting, with a countenance in which impatience and anxiety were equally portrayed.

Besides the perfect figure and uncommon beauty of our heroine, there was a rest of innocent candour on her brow, that happily impressed the beholder at first sight; and the manner in which she paid her respects to the lady of the house; the animated glow of her countenance, when she expressed her gratitude for her protecting kindness, and the polished phrases which displayed her feelings, struck the person to whom they were addressed with visible surprise.

"Well," said the latter, without deviating from the usage of high life, by taking the smallest notice of Rosa's graceful curtesy, "you look vastly well after your fright—vastly well, indeed—quite handsome;—so
very

very handsome, that I am afraid I have brought myself into a fine hobble by taking care of you; but that's my way. Come, sit down, and take your breakfast; I expected his lordship would have been here before now;—you see I am dressed to receive him—so, indeed, are you. Aye, aye, you may look, and wonder too—but take your coffee, and I will soon explain the injury my patronising you may do me.”

The uncommon manner and appearance of this lady had left too strong an impression on Rosa's mind to be soon forgotten: she expected, perhaps, again to witness some of the eccentricities that had rendered her so conspicuous at their first meeting; but tho' it was impossible for her to comprehend how the assisting a helpless stranger could expose her protectress to injury, yet, as the lady said it, and as she was not in the habit of doubting what she heard, the idea of remaining a moment longer than could be possibly avoided, in a situation to return kindness by injury was so irksome, she could not avail herself of the repeated invitation to breakfast

fast, but earnestly entreated a carriage might be sent for, that she might neither be a burthen nor inconvenience where so much gratitude was due.

“You are really monstrous troublesome, my dear. I really remember, five or six years ago, I had exactly your figure; but you see I am grown out of all shape. You take this for *en bon point*, I suppose, or, in vulgar English, you would call me fat: you never was more mistaken. I am really a poor invalid, bloated by bad health, a complication of disorders, never out of the doctor’s hand——Sweeten your coffee, my dear, and don’t look so frightened.”

The invalid, as she chose to call herself, was all this while doing such justice to the breakfast, and had swallowed both muffin and toast with such *goût* and celerity, that, had Rosa’s mind been enough at ease to explore causes and effects, she would have been no less puzzled how to reconcile so good an appetite to so bad a state of health, than she still was, to comprehend how her affairs or herself, could injure a lady who appeared perfect

perfect mistress of herself; but as ignorance was no argument against an asserted fact, her open and ingenuous countenance confirmed the eager wish her tongue less eloquently expressed. Again she requested a carriage might be got, to remove her out of the possibility of giving any more trouble.

The lady could not do that; but as she had now done breakfast, she would make the promised explanation. As to the trouble, she said, there was, as the mischief was already done, no knowing where it would end.

Rosa's alarm had in it a certain degree of wounded pride: she arose, and again requested a carriage of some sort might be sent for.

"Sit down, I tell you," said the Lady. "The mischief, as I said before, is already done, and your going away in a hurry will not mend matters. The thing is exactly this—Lord Denningcourt, my particular friend, the nobleman in whose carriage you were conveyed hither, was exceedingly struck with you—I could see it in every look. The character of your face is indeed so exactly what mine *was*, that I the less wonder at that; but

but his lordship is actually the honourable and received lover of a very dear young friend of mine, who has eighty thousand charms—My lord is vastly handsome, as you will see, but as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as Timon, so that he could do nothing for you but make you his mistress.”

“His mistress!” repeated Rosa indignantly.—“And the mistress of a poor lord,” continued the lady, not attending to her, “who marries a rich heiress, is, let me tell you, a poor, very poor thing; you must share his discontent in private, without his daring to protect you in public; you——”

Nothing could exceed Rosa’s surprise at the easy unconstrained manner, in which a woman of apparently decent character, spoke of a situation so criminal; it was not the guilt and immorality, but the advantage and disadvantages, that seemed to her, at all an object of concern; never before had her chaste ear been wounded, nor her understanding insulted by the free delineation of such sentiments from a female; and, as she concluded, no woman of honour or true delicacy, could speak with
such

such *sang froid* of circumstances so highly culpable, she grew not only more uneasy, but alarmed, and repeated her request to have a coach ordered for her departure, with such concern and anxiety, that the lady was reduced to the necessity of acknowledging she could not suffer her to leave the house, without risk of offending Lord Denningcourt, before she had either seen or heard from his lordship.

Rosa trembled—the only lord she had ever known had left an impression of nobility on her mind, which the manners and conversation of her present hostess was ill calculated to remove, and she replied, that “as she now felt the impropriety as well as inconvenience of delaying her meeting with her friends—”

In that moment a carriage drew up.

“Here is my lord himself,” cried the lady, running to the glass, and casting an anxious glance round the room; “say not a word of what I have told you; I would not distress my dear, good, very dear friend, Charlot Mushroom, for the world; but then, neither would I offend the earl—no, that is impossible—

fible—I must run and receive him in the little parlour; he will ask me all manner of questions, I make no doubt, and all about you—ah you are too pretty!”

“Charlot Mushroom!” exclaimed Rosa in astonishment, “and is she the dear, very dear friend of this indelicate woman? Is it her this lord is addressing? Poor girls! are they both doom’d to splendid misery? and will it be always my wayward fate to hear of, and meet the people I wish to forget, while those to whom my heart is attached, dear objects of my esteem and fond affection, are, if not lost, far, far divided from the poor friendless Rosa.”

The voice of the mistress of the house, proclaiming her approach, ended the short soliloquy. Rosa involuntarily retreated—Lord Lowder—his card—his gentleman—and his bet recurred—and what better could she expect from another lord, who on the same mercenary motives, was about to marry into the same family. Her breath failed—she staggered to a chair—the fit of the preceding night left a soreness on her chest, and a weakness

ness of spirits of which she was now first sensible, and had not a burst of friendly tears in some degree relieved her, she must have fainted.

The door was thrown open—a tall, elegant, plain dressed man entered, who could hardly be said to look at our heroine, or at the lady of the mansion, or even at the opposite mirror—he slid into a chair, under which a large mastiff, his companion, composed himself to sleep. His lordship, with his fine dark eyes fix'd, now on the head of his switch, which was also often carried to his mouth, now on the fire, and now on his mastiff, hoped the lady was well. The lady, in the sweetest tone imaginable, humbly thanked his lordship both for his enquiries, and the honor of his visit, which indeed, she said, her fair charge and herself had been expecting with great anxiety, and some impatience.

Rosa looked with astonishment through her tears—what anxiety—what impatience had they felt?—and what the necessity, in this case, of professing what they did not feel? Lord Denningcourt gave the assertion all the credit it deserved; he yawned, and protested he had
totally

totally forgot the affair of last evening, till a card from the amiable Charlot reminded him of an engagement which he had also forgotten with her.

"And you apologised, my lord, no doubt?" asked the lady, somewhat alarmed.

"No faith, he meant to have answered the card, but it had slipped his memory."

"You mean it?"—with more alarm.

"Possibly."

During this interesting conversation, his lordship's eyes had taken a new expression as well as direction; their glances at Rosa were full of interest and animation, which were neither unobserved by her nor the lady.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Denningcourt," resumed the latter, "but are we to give a history of *my* last night's misfortune, as an excuse for your lordship's breach of punctuality?"

Lord Denningcourt's eye, no longer sunk in apathy, seemed to look into the lady's soul; he perceived the nature of the interrogations; smiled, and then relapsing into indifference, answered, "Why not, Mrs. Feverham?"

Rosa

Rosa almost jumped off her chair—Feversham was a name perfectly familiar; and though she had totally forgot the person of the lady who bore it, her connection with the Mushrooms rendered it certain, and recalled to her mind many traits of her character, which, as she had them from Mrs. Harley, were sure to be so softened down as at least to *resemble good*. More confident in her protection; more reconciled to her eccentricities, and no longer dwelling on her indelicate explanations, she felt a secret pleasure in the recognition of one she had known in happier times. It was, indeed, with difficulty she could repress the desire of instantly announcing herself.

The answer Mrs. Feversham made to his lordship's "why not," escaped her; nor did she hear the peer's rejoinder; and though his camelion countenance gave her a momentary alarm, yet from a man who forgot every thing, she could have little reason to fear any thing, and now internally reconciled to the lady, felt more disposed to be amused, than to fear the lord. She was, however, surprised, when,
after

after seeming to examine the lustre on the chimney, some framed prints, and two or three bad pictures, he slid up to her, and in a soft energetic whisper, hoped she had recovered from every ill effect of her fright; and added, in a low but more audible voice, he was concerned, at his entrance, to observe the traces of tears on her lovely countenance; he had, he assured her, reproached himself for not calling in medical aid.

“And yet, my lord,” dryly interrupted the lady, “you had totally forgotten the whole affair.”

“Forgot! Oh yes, certainly; one really cannot remember every thing; but you, for instance, is it possible to forget *you*? I thought of you in Bond-street; of your pretty hand and white arm; those chains and d’or molu lockets, it struck me, would suit them; allow me”—

And he opened a small red case, which contained a pair of neat, though not high-priced bracelets.

Mrs. Feversham, in raptures, permitted his lordship to fasten them on her arm, and whilst

she walked to the glass, to judge of the effect, he dropped a billet on Rosa's lap, and then sauntered to his chair, and commenced a tender address to his mastiff.

Rosa's confusion and surprise, during the whole scene, is not to be expressed. Whatever were Lord Denningcourt's designs, he was, it was plain, acting a part, as either the interest he seemed to feel for her, or his indifference to every thing else must be affected. The billet still lay on her lap; a glance from under his eye-lash, as he was patting his mastiff, told her that he observed that it did, and a second glance reproached her want of confidence; yet there it still lay.

Mrs. Feversham returned from the dear employment of contemplating her own person, and though she thanked his lordship in all sorts of phrases, for his elegant present, he looked and answered as if he had totally forgot there were such things as bracelets in the world; and after another glance at his billet, he slightly bowed to Rosa, bid Mrs. Feversham good morrow, and with his mas-

tiff sauntered out of the room, followed by the lady and her bracelets.

The whole of Lord Denningcourt's behaviour was a perfect mystery. Rosa could suggest no laudable motive for his writing to her, at least in a clandestine manner; and had not her embarrassed conjectures, in regard to him, been blended with fresh doubts of the principles of her new old acquaintance, the billet would have been instantly presented to her; but the little episode of the bracelets staggered her faith in that goodness of heart, for which she remembered Mrs. Harley had always given Mrs. Feverham credit; it revived her first prejudices, and the anxious wish to leave her house, they had inspired.

Mrs. Feverham returned in high spirits; "this charming man," said she, "loves you, my dear, I see it in every action; he is one of those fashionable loungers, to whom nothing but a dog, a horse, a bet, or a bottle, appears to give animation. I have beheld him several times in critical situations with the lady he addresses, without his exhibiting the smallest proof that he knew she existed; and,

though ill health may have rendered *my eyes* less brilliant than *some other people's*, and though his lordship remembered to buy me these sweet bracelets, the conclusion is obvious ; but my lord is as poor as a pilgrim ;—ergo, he must marry eighty thousand pounds.”

Rosa smiled.

“ Aye child, you may smile, but nobody would hold eighty thousand pounds lightly, who knew how charmingly money may be employed—and notwithstanding his lordship’s politeness ; notwithstanding the beauty of the sweet bracelets, and the ardent desire I feel to oblige my friend, the Earl of Denningcourt, I cannot,” and she drew herself up, “ be seen in the affair.”

Rosa was ready to express her readiness to relieve her from every embarrassment on her account, but Mrs. Feversham chose to prevent her, by assigning her own reasons.

In the first place, she had lived some time in Sir Solomon Mushroom’s family ; she had taught his girls all they knew ; ushered them into life ; polished their natural uncouthness ; combated their innate vulgarity—they were, indeed,

indeed, after all, two poor, ungrateful, conceited things; but, she had, notwithstanding, a violent friendship for them; one, the younger of them, was already the wife of an earl, who, though a profligate, was a man of the first fashion; and the other would at last also be a countess;—two events that never could have happened had not their entrée into the world been graced by her protection; the uncle, indeed, Sir Solomon, complimented her with a pension, which, paltry as it was, she could not afford to lose;—so that, on the whole, our heroine might perceive, her connections were by no means among common people.

While thus Mrs. Feversham mingled anecdote and invective, Rosa, disgusted at the vanity, self-interest, and even rancour, with which she spoke of people who were her *very dear friends*, and to whom she confessed pecuniary obligation, rejoiced she had not followed the first impulse after recollecting her, of declaring herself to be the Miss Buhanun, for whom she was formerly interested, and resolved to avoid all possibility of being ex-

posed to the insults of the upstart Sir Solomon, or the scorn of his proud heiresses, by retaining the name of Walsingham, by which she had announced herself, at least till she reached Penry, without adverting to former events, or even asking after any of her old friends.

She could not doubt a kind reception from Dr. Croak, and Mrs. Harley, she *knew*; but she had too much pride, and her pride was raised on the basis of integrity, to think of being a burthen to either; all her hope was to hear of Elinor from the former, and to receive from the latter such advice as might enable her to procure a laudable subsistence by her talents and her industry; her stay, therefore, at Penry, she hoped, would be too short to expose her to the malevolence of which Lady Lowder had given so decided a specimen, or provoke that revenge Lord Lowder might possibly feel for the disappointment of his illicit hopes, and the loss of his bet.

Mrs. Feversham having, as she thought, and as was indeed, in some sense, true, con-
founded

founded our heroine with the greatness of her connections, was actually silent! Her mind was in a state of warfare.

There were Sir Solomon's pension, his daughters coronetted carriage dropping tickets, and sometimes even invitations at her door, on one hand.

There were Lord Denningcourt's remembrances in Bond-street, and the opportunity of mortifying her very dear and particular friend, on the other; with as many auxiliary reasons on both sides, as might have kept any other lady silent, at least half an hour; but silence was not Mrs. Feversham's *forte*—the pension, tickets and invitations, carried it in five minutes.

Mrs. Feversham still remained as near the same woman the reader remembers her three years back, as any modern woman of spirit could remain, after passing the intermediate space in a constant round of luxury and dissipation. She would have been still disposed to patronize, and fancied her advice competent to settle the most difficult point; but the truth is, having carried with her from

Mushroom house, all the habits of luxury, and all the irritation of false pride, she could not return to her old connection, without suffering more than she had fortitude to endure.

The period which passed so pleasantly to herself in the Mushroom family, had not secured her one friend in or out of it.

Sir Solomon, indeed, who felt in the approach of some chronic diseases, that he was not immortal, had so good an opinion of her medical skill, that Mrs. Dorothy Wright became seriously fearful lest, when his daughters were both married, he might fancy her as a companion himself; and though Lady Lowder held all advice in the most sovereign contempt, from the hour she became a countess, Mrs. Dorothy still retained sufficient influence over Miss Charlotte to make her think as she thought, and act as she advised; the consequence was, a serious pre-concerted tiff between Miss Mushroom and her *chaperone*, which, though at first managed with great spirit by the latter, being aided by the countess, without any other motive than her natural propensity to mischief, raised a storm in
Mushroom

Mushroom house, that could be only allayed by the *chaprone's* resignation.

"No man," says the proverb, "is wise at all times."

To a quick penetration, Mrs. Feversham added a retentive memory. Certain commotions in the honourable bosom of the Earl of Gauntlet, had so far put him off his guard, that one morning, when Mrs. Feversham had, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Dorothy Wright, given up Bond-street, the park, and an exhibition, to sit with Sir Solomon, when bodily pain, a sensation new to him, confined him to an arm chair, in rushed the earl, first letting fly a volley of imprecations, which were the more terrific; as coming from one of the most courtly mouths that ever lisped a compliment, and next, entering on a subject the reader may possibly anticipate, before he perceived the silent and attentive Mrs. Feversham.

Of this incident the disgraced favorite gently reminded Sir Solomon Mushroom, at her departure, with such effect, that she retained in some sort his confidence; was restored to
the

the notice of the ladies; and, what was still better, got her a pension of an hundred guineas a year.

With this addition to her own fortune, Mrs. Fevertham might have retired, the patroness and adviser of all Penry; but that pride which writhed under the torture of leaving Piccadilly, submitted to the deprivation of all real comfort, for the sake of remaining in the routine of quality calls; sitting sometimes with Miss Mushroom in Lady Lowder's box, at the Opera—going in their coach to the play—continuing to be admitted to their supper parties, and being sometimes included in the invitations of their friends; all which were secured by her having a neat furnished house in Conduit-street, where, with the most niggard oeconomy, she contrived to keep herself and two female domestics.

Nothing is so likely to turn common acquaintance into friendship as mutual misfortune: Mrs. Fevertham's banishment from Piccadilly, before the grand affair of her pension was settled, happened about the same time when Dr. Croak and his *chere amie*, Mrs.

Bawiky,

Bawfky, found it necessary to make arrangements for their departure from Walbroke; at this interesting juncture, the ladies were inseparable; and Mrs. Feversham made a city acquaintance at Dr. Croak's, which, even after the acquisition of the pension, she found it convenient to continue.

Mrs. Alderman Tetch was literally a great woman, if height and bulk could entitle her to the distinction; the tripple comforts of her life were, good eating, fine clothes, and grand sights; so that when a good dinner was given in the city, or an extraordinary exhibition took place at court, Mrs. Alderman Tetch introduced Mrs. Feversham to the former, and Mrs. Feversham introduced the alderman's lady to a commodious view of the latter.

It was returning from a superb dinner, at the Mansion-house, at an early hour, in order to reach Piccadilly, where Miss Charlotte Mushroom had condescended to invite her, that an intoxicated coachman, being repeatedly urged to drive on, occasioned the accident which stained Mrs. Feversham's train,
broke

broke her feathers, lost her dovey earrings, and made Rosa her guest.

When Rosa fervently urged her departure, considering the irresistible propensity Mrs. Feversham always had to *advise*, it may be thought rather extraordinary that she betrayed no curiosity to know her certain destination, where she came from, and what her future intention ; but, it must be remembered, she had good reasons to suppose the first would be to Dr. Croak's ; and, however strong the temptation of habitual curiosity, she had as strong reasons for chusing to be totally ignorant of the two last.

As Rosa's sentiments were, in this respect, congenial with those of her hostess, tho' from very different causes, she again desired a coach might be got, and enquired how far it was to the inn, where she alighted from the York stage.

" The inn !" repeated Mrs. Feversham, " what would you do there ? But mind, I don't ask ; I won't know ; only I can't think what you can want at an inn !"

" Simply,"

"Simply," replied Rosa, "to avoid giving your servant the trouble of hiring a chaise for me; I presume I may get one there."

Mrs. Feversham's heart was not absolute adamant, except where her own interest was at stake; she looked on Rosa's face; the rest of innocence was still on her brow; her brilliant eyes darted rays of sensibility; the glow of beauty mantled on her cheek, and she was "of the first order of fine forms." It was now near four o'clock; it would be five before the chaise could set off. She was a second time, in the same day silent five minutes, weighing the *pros* and *cons*, whether to risk another visit under her roof, from a man so enamoured as Lord Denningcourt, which, admitting he even remembered her in Bond-street, might be injurious "to the peace of her dear, very dear friend;" or let a young creature so beautiful and unprotected, begin a journey, which, as it was impossible she could compass before dark, might expose her to worse accidents than those she had escaped the preceding evening, without apprising her of the danger. The advocate on one
6 hand

hand, was interest, on the other, humanity; and the decision would have been speedy and characteristic, had not the following letter, gilded round the margin, and sealed with arms as large as half a crown, decided in favour of humanity.

—
 “ Dear Fev.

“ Vastly sorry for your accident. Den says it was quite shocking—going instant into the country; the G’s—sister—Den and I can’t tell who—monstrous large party.—Poor beauty, dear creature, just out of straw, too weak for travelling, so send her and sweet little ones to dear Fev.—pray take care of her, and remember, though all the other dogs eat roast chicken, or even beef, poor beauty never touches any thing but mutton and sweet breads.

“ Sir Sol. not well and monstrous sulky.

Your’s

C. MUSHROOM.”

—
 Beauty, a little ugly dutch pug, and her puppies, as ugly as herself, being set down

in

in a basket of fine cotton, the servant gone, and Lord Denningcourt, i. e. *Den*, safe, Mrs. Feversham explained to Rosa how much more eligible it would be to begin her journey, wherever she was going, earlier in the day, and very cordially invited her to stay at her house till the next morning, when a chaise, which might be previously ordered, would take her up.

Rosa seldom thought of time or space, except reminded by feeling or necessity; the more strongly she was impressed by the dangers she had recently escaped, the more Mrs. Feversham's considerate arrangement affected her; and her honest heart, naturally prone to put the most candid interpretation on the actions of others, reproached itself for certain movements which now appeared not only severe, but unjust; an emotion of gratitude, almost amounting to affection, sprung to her eyes, and she would have certainly betrayed herself, had not Mrs. Feversham, to whom the study of the heart was a new science, left her to give some orders in her domestic affairs.

A moment's reflection convinced her that the making herself known to any person so intimately connected with a family, by whom she wished never to be recognized, could answer no one good purpose; but, on the contrary, might possibly involve her in difficulties, from which she might not be easily extricated; the billet, however, left by Lord Denningcourt, was a confidence of another kind, and the moment Mrs. Feversham returned, she delivered it sealed, into her hand.

"Well!" exclaimed she, "did I not tell you so—yes, yes, I see he is in for it, deep enough, but what does he say?"

Rosa glanced at the unbroken seal.

"What not open! Oh Lud! oh Lud! pray now is not this *mock modesty*? but let us see."

"*You are a very lovely, or a very artful woman.*"—Very frank indeed my Lord.—

"*You will fear to peruse this, least it should insult virtue, or you read it with the eager expectation of having ensnared a new dupe—in either case you are deceived.*"—Oh to be sure! you are very deep, my very good Lord Denningcourt,

ningcourt, but I have found you out.—“ *You interest me.*”—I know it; didn’t I say so.—
“ *I am perhaps, a frivolous character.*”—I told you he was; what can be more frivolous than the nothing hunters of fashion!—“ *But affronting a modest woman is among the few things I dare not do.*”—Indeed! why then you are further gone than I thought you—“ *Why are you not with your friends? Is yours a face and form to be your own protector?*”—No, certainly—“ *I inclose my address.*”—Aha, my cautious lord, and you thought I should not know this—“ *What friendship and assistance a woman of virtue can accept from a man of honour,*”—Fiddle faddle—“ *freely demand.*”—Oh I dare say he will be generous enough, when he is rich—“ *I see you no more.*”—Nonsense—“ *If, on the contrary, you wear a specious mask, I forbid you to trouble me.*”

DENNINGCOURT.”

“ Was there ever any thing so ridiculous,” cried Mrs. Feversham, folding the letter, and returning it to Rosa; “ but I see into his art, he knows my regard for my friend, who, to be

be sure, is a mighty silly girl, and not one quarter so handsome as you, and feared you would shew me his letter; nothing can be more natural. Had he made you any professions inimical to the honourable addressee he is paying the dear disagreeable Charlotte Mushroom, of whom, notwithstanding she has not one single good quality, I am excessive fond—why, you know, I must have been outrageous; nothing can be more natural—and besides, as I consider myself bound in honour to inform my friend, Sir Solomon, of every particular, it might have inconvenienced his lordship in the *cash account*.

Rosa, without knowing why, felt herself strongly impelled to put a milder construction on Lord Denningcourt's billet. It is true, there was a mystery about it, which those who best knew him, were best qualified to explain; but as she saw no probability of her being necessitated to put the honour or truth of his professions to proof, she accepted Mrs. Feverham's invitation to a frugal dinner, and listened to her account, begun even in the intervals of eating, of the rank and
fashion

fashion of all her friends ; the estimation in which she was held ; her taste in dress ; her judgment in selecting, and exactness in purchasing bargains of all descriptions. When all these topics were exhausted, and the dinner removed, she returned to the family of the Mushrooms, with an acrimony which impeached both her discretion and gratitude.

“ The uncle was,” she said, “ a low bred, artful man, who having got together, God knew how, a princely fortune, flattered himself the memory of others were as treacherous as his own ; but, admitting that to be the case, a short time would certainly remind both him and them, of certain manœuvres, and reduce him to his primitive nothingness. The girls, whom, she protested, had neither sense nor principle, were called hand some, and thought themselves admired, whereas the fact was, all their attractions lay in their uncle’s hoarded thousands. Lord Lowder and Lord Denningcourt were the only, among the titled nobility, whom poverty could induce to enoble the two dawdles ; the former having squandered all the fortunes

fortunes of two rich wives, which was not settled on their children, as well as his own paternal inheritance; and the latter, cut off by his father's will from all but his title, and a huge old castle in the north of England, with a few hundreds a year, which could not be alienated; "but you don't attend child."

This was very true; Rosa's imagination had transplanted her to far distant scenes; but Mrs. Feversham had the disposition to be charmed with the sound of her own voice, and she had a right to be indulged in her own house, by a guest so very much obliged.

Rosa apologised, and she proceeded.

"This Lord Denningcourt, as I told you, is a fashionable lounge—that is, a man without pursuits or passion; a thing, who reverses the order of nature, and, instead of paying court to our sex, shews himself at public and private assemblies, lolling on a brother lounge, merely to give them an opportunity of courting him—My dear soul, you look incredulous, but, upon my honour, there are such things; and take the circuit of Bond-street, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and Hyde-park,

park, any morning, you will meet them by dozens."

As these were places to which Rosa was as much a stranger, as to the beings Mrs. Feversham was describing, she was very much inclined to believe, that lady was entertaining her with the effervescence of her own fancy.

"Lord Denningcourt," proceeded the oratrix, "to do him justice, was not always a lounge, he had once a character; he was a famous whist player; had horses at New-Market, and kept one of the most expensive women in England."

"A character indeed, madam!" exclaimed Rosa.

"You are a novice, child," answered Mrs. Feversham. "Let me tell you a secret all the world knows—even such a character is better than the insufferable inanity of a lounge. Active vices may change to opposite virtues; but, that indifference, that indolence, that destruction of genius, that repeller of the passions, that innovator, which inverts the natural propensities of youth and gallantry,

gallantry, and strangles all the seeds of heroism in the birth; in short, that apathy, in which our young men are sunk, will in the end sink them."

Rosa was all attention; but, notwithstanding her wish to disguise it, incredulity was stamped on her countenance.

"Well, child," continued Mrs. Feverham, "you are to be envied; you have never seen the heterogeneous animal I have described; and what contradicts reason, it is difficult to believe; but this Lord Denningcourt had so exhausted his father's coffers and patience, that he was at length obliged to live on a small annuity; but, proud of being still pre-eminent, from a leader of dashers, he became a chief of the loungers.—That eternal Lord Gauntlet proposed his making all up, by a prudent marriage; and the old earl, a little mollified, entered into the treaty, but, before affairs were arranged, the earl died, having devised every thing he could give from his son, to his second countess, a very beautiful woman, on whom he doated; and here you would expect ended the treaty

with

with the Mushrooms ; no such thing—pride swallows mill-stones——Charlotte must be a countess ; Sir Solomon offered twenty-thousand more than was asked at first, to begin the world with eclat ; but Miss was not so warm as her papa, and the lover down right cold. He took a whim of running backwards and forwards to the North, pretending to visit his old frightful castle ; and Miss, not to be outdone in folly, took it into her head to find herself in love with a young fellow, who”—

Here Mrs. Feversham fixed her eyes on Rosa, and with some asperity accused her of being ready to drop asleep ; adding, it was not a very polite return to one, who, though far from being a talkative person, was taking such pains to amuse her.

Rosa denied the accusation, and truly did she deny it ; for though the whole of Mrs. Feversham's communication had a strong soporific tendency, the retrospects in which she was but too apt to indulge, were very hostile to sleep.

Mrs.

Mrs. Feversham, though, as she said, far from being a talkative person, was delighted at an opportunity, which did not often occur, when she could not only display her wit, information, and consequence, without interruption, but she could indulge her pique against the dear disagreeable Mushrooms, to an auditors whose insignificance was too decided to be feared.

“ Yes,” continued Mrs. Feversham, with renovated spleen, “ the chit pretended to be dying for a young fellow, brought up, as *they say*, by Sir Solomon, on charity ! *Hem*, that is, as *they say* ; the young man tells a different story, very different ; he was sent to India with an odd sort of ridiculous man, who was formerly in love with me ; a hideous jaundice looking creature, Colonel Buhanun ; I—you are certainly going to sleep, Miss.”

“ Sleep, Madam ! Good God ! how can you think so ; pray, pray proceed—what of Colonel Buhanun ? What of the young man ?”

Rosa, the reader will believe, was no longer in danger of being called to order for drowsiness or inattention.

But

But the perverse Mrs. Feversham, alarmed at the earnest glow of attention her story now excited, felt suspicious and confounded. It is the curse of little minds to fear whom they hate; and the deprivations that must follow her being discarded by the dear, disagreeable Mushrooms! were so important and so highly prized, as to fill her with instant alarm—guilt is said to be the parent of distrust—she feared an accuser even in the mild and candid Rosa; casing herself, therefore, in all the cautious reserve of a person who is aware of a spy, it was in vain Rosa entreated a continuation of her confidence; that she watched every opening to resume the subject, and that at length, unable to conceal her impatience, she took courage to name Colonel Buhanun.

All Mrs. Feversham's answers were cold monosyllables, till she gravely hinted that it would be proper for Rosa to retire early, in order to be ready for the chaise, which was ordered at seven o'clock.

The supper was laid without being touched; and Mrs. Feversham, full of fear for the consequence of her own volubility, wished her guest

health the moment it was removed, and returned to consult her abigal on what she conceived to be a very critical state of her affairs, leaving Rosa to be attended by the other servant.

Rosa's curiosity, thus provokingly just raised and denied gratification, was mixed with a restless impatience which deprived her of rest. She arose before day, and was already dressed, when the favourite abigal entered her apartment, and informed her, that by her mistress's order, she had coffee waiting.

Affected by this apparent kindness, and by the officious attendance of the servant, she left most grateful compliments ; and reflecting that she was again becoming a wanderer, the probability struck her, for the first time, that the kindness of these strangers, from whom she was parting, might shame the welcome of her friends.

Eager to escape the agony of such surmises, she rushed into the chaise, and soon lost sight of the metropolis, which had cost her so many hours of anxiety to reach.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

“ Oh friendship, thou soother of the human breast ; to
“ thee we fly in every calamity ; from thee, the wretched seek
“ for succour ; on thee, the care-tired son of misery fondly
“ rests ; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate hopes re-
“ lief, and may be sure of disappointment ! ”

WE now see our heroine again a lone traveller ; the chaise went on at the discretion of the driver ; a heaviness of heart pre-occupied her ; all the airy castles, so delightful in the perspective, vanished ; and it was not till long after changing horses at the first stage, when she began to recognize some of the objects they passed, that a gleam of pleasure entered her sinking heart ; but the white steeple of Penry, and the

the school-house at Mount Pleasant, almost concealed by the thick surrounding wood, dear objects of early observation and affection, could *they* be seen without an impulse of that indefinable mixture of joy and sadness which ever accompany a return to the scenes of childhood?

There, in full view, was Penry, where Doctor Croak once lived, and where she still hoped to find him; and there was Mount Pleasant, the abode of tranquillity! the nursery of virtue! the seat of benevolence!

At the Doctor's, nothing was less doubted than a hearty welcome, as well as hearing of Elinor; but at Mount Pleasant, there, oh yes! there was the union of sense and sentiment; and as there too, she would most probably hear of Elinor, she bid the driver take the road a little to the right of the village; and, in a quarter of an hour, during which her eyes were strained to greet every passing object, and her heart bounded before the chaise, lo, from between an avenue of tall trees, the iron gates first, and then the whole, of Mount Pleasant was in view.

The

The morning was fine; a gardener was removing the myrtles and geraniums from the green-house into the air, as was usual at the time of her residing there; she left the chaise, and rather flew than ran up the steps across the hall to the sitting parlour: it was empty, and the first thing that struck her, was the absence of a favourite arm-chair, more valued by Mrs. Harley than a throne, on account of its being the joint labour of her pupils.

A servant entered, stirred up the dying ember, and said, his mistress would wait on her immediately. "*Wait!*" repeated Rosa; but perceiving the man was a stranger, she restrained her emotions; and looking round, perceived more absentees: the pannels of the wainscot were stripped of the works and drawings, many of them her own, which she had left, and their places filled by others more gaudy, but less ingenious. Before she had time to comment on the change, the door was thrown open, and a tall stately woman, dressed in all the extreme of fashion, entered: she made a cold return to Rosa's

silent curtesy; and having seated herself, pointed to a chair.

Altho' Rosa could not but consider this as a permission for her to sit in the presence of the august personage, her surprise was so great, and the forebodings of her mind so painful, she continued, without speaking, to turn her anxious and expecting eye towards the door.

"You expected, I presume, ma'am," at length said the stately personage, "to see Mrs. Harley."

"And shall I not see her?" answered Rosa—"is she not at home?"

"She is not here—this house is now mine."

"Yours! has then my dear governess declined her school?"

"It might else probably have declined her—she was unable to continue it."

"Unable!"

"I might perhaps have said with as much propriety, she was unfit."

"Unfit!"

"Unfit! Mrs. Harley! the best and most amiable of women, unfit! surely madam you do not know her."

"Not much, I confess: I have, however, paid a liberal price for her house and school; but, to be candid, I found her pupils so over-indulged, that it has cost me infinite trouble to bring them into my rules."

"Over-indulged! oh, my best Mrs. Harley, where is she?"

"Gone to Bath, in a terrible nervous way, poor woman! she had reason to be sensible of the error of her system. Her illness was occasioned by the misconduct of one of her favourites: she was in the habit of making favourites—a thing I never do."

"Dear, dear, Mrs. Harley! so, indeed, she was;—but is Miss Corterels here?"

"No, Me'm, she would not do for me, after living so long with Mrs. Harley; there was no discipline, no severity about her."

"True, madam, true; but Miss Reynold—she was more strict."

"She might have done, but did not chuse to stay."

"And Madame Lufac?"

"Dead. She was in a weak way before I took the house, and I have no time to attend to invalids; she died soon after."

"Poor Madame Lufac! But you have some of Mrs. Harley's young ladies yet remaining who remember Rosa Buhanun."

The violence which the stately governess had done her haughty temper, in answering with bare civility so many interrogations about her predecessor, was no longer necessary. Of Rosa Buhanun, her talents, accomplishments, sweetness, and beauty, she had heard more than enough; and she had also heard of Mrs. Harley's meanly preferring a known and acknowledged beggar, to the many favourites of fortune under her care.

The system of education pursued by Mrs. Harley, and that adopted by this lady, were extremely different: to mild precepts and immaculate example, the former added the tenderness of a mother, and the solicitude of a friend. In the blessings of the poor, her pupils felt the secret reward of charity; in the ready obedience of the domestics, they saw the effects
of

of kindness and good-humour, and, by her repugnance to censure even the vicious, they learned to compassionate the faults of others, and to respect themselves.

With Mrs. Bagnal, on the contrary, the order of every day was severity : it was seldom—very seldom, she spoke to the good name of others, but she was not on that account less tenacious of her own. Rigidly austere, ostentatiously charitable, and unreasonably pious, she thought it exceeding hard that her virtues should not be the theme of admiration, and that a school conducted by so faultless a governess should not be crowded with scholars ; which was so far from being the case, that all Mrs. Harley's pupils, a few East and West-Indians excepted, had dropped off one by one ; and as she heard constantly of the affectionate regret they all expressed for their late governess, she became the object of her envy and dislike ; persuading herself, that lessening the virtues of her predecessor enhanced her own, she availed herself of every possible opportunity to depreciate her talents and management,

forgetting that while she was rancourously making a king log of Mrs. Harley, she was making a king serpent of Mrs. Bagnal.

"Yes," said she, exulting at an opportunity of blaming the late governess, and of humbling her avowed favourite, "she is very well remembered here : it is not," and she rose perpendicular from her seat, and scowled at Rosa under her bent brows, "very possible, for people who possess any portion of proper pride themselves, to forget the mean folly which placed a common beggar on a footing with young ladies of fortune ! I have no enmity to beggars, heaven knows—I give them alms ;—and had this girl been under *my* care, I should have made her useful, without allowing her to forget herself. I have blushed to hear ladies of fashion, whom Mrs. Harley had the honor to educate, relate her ridiculous attachment to that girl—Lady Lowder, for instance. But if you know her, Me'm, advise her not to presume to come to Mount Pleasant—I shall encourage no such degrading recollections in any of *my* ladies, I assure you. Good morning"—and the
stately

stately governess slowly walked out of the parlour.

No language can describe Rosa's feelings during this whole scene. Saddened as her heart was at the ill health of Mrs. Harley; disappointed of an asylum at so critical a period; discouraged by the haughty manner of Mrs. Bagnal, from asking that advice or recommendation on which she depended from Mrs. Harley, with the mortifying recollection that her purse was again decreasing very fast, she must have sunk under the weight of such accumulating evils, had not that innate spirit of *proper pride* which she *felt*, and of which Mrs. Bagnal *talked*, now supported her. Not a tear started into her eye, not a sigh burst from her heart, as, after looking round with more disgust than regret, she followed; and, with equal hauteur in her manner, had nearly reached the gate, her cheeks burning even to pain, and her heart beating almost to suffocation, when she started at feeling something strike her hat, and, in the same instant, perceived a small paper parcel fall on the gravel before her. She made an involuntary

luntary stop; and, on stooping, saw, in a terrible scrawl, "For dear Miss Buhanun," wrote on the outside: she picked it up without hesitation, and looking back towards the house, heard a sash gently pulled down, and saw the Venetian blind of the music-room move.

Immediately concluding this was a kind contrivance of some of her young friends, to prove that they remembered her with affection, she hastened to the chaise. The driver asked for orders; she endeavoured to collect herself; and in hope of finding Doctor Croak at Penry, having given directions to go there, drew up the blinds to conceal from observation of the passers by, as well as the driver, that anguish which could no longer be repressed.

On approaching the village, the driver again stopped for directions to the house. After breathing on her hand, and drying her eyes, she faintly pointed to the turning.

Sick with disappointment, and almost hopeless of finding Dr. Croak at Penry, something like comfort warmed her heart at sight

sight of the old board announcing the residence of "John Croak, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife;"——but if the internal change at Mount Pleasant had been more keenly felt from the appearance of the external in the exact state she left it, the Doctor's house, and every thing about it, prepared her for that alteration within, which, indeed, was the natural consequence of the events hinted at in Elinor's letter.

The small house, where the doctor's assistant had lived and made up medicines for the convenience of people beneath the doctor's then notice, was occupied by a cobbler; and the little bow window, where the garish glass jars once stood, was filled with old shoes and odd bits of leather.

The coach-house being divided, was converted into two different shops; one of which contained the few medicines the doctor had now call for, the other was the store-house of his fine garden, from whence such of the Penry inhabitants as could pay a good price, were supplied with fruit and vegetables; the stable contained a stock of potatoes and
carrots

carrots for winter use, and a convenient hutch for the breed of rabbits.

The windows of the house, once plate glass, kept in the brightest order, were now, some nailed up to save taxes; some with the shutters closed; and the few open, changed to common glass, and covered with dust.

The painted stages, on which formerly rows of greenhouse plants and flowers were placed in such high order, as did great justice to the doctor's skill in the art of his progenitors, had been cut up for fuel; and the front of the house no longer attracted the wonder and admiration of the passing traveller.

The outer gate stood wide open, the pigs grunted round the court, and even rudely mounted the flight of steps which once in colour vied with the new-fallen snow.

A servant girl, tying a clean apron over a dirty one, opened the door; and again the warmth of our heroine's heart dispensed with ceremony. The maid said her master was at home—and in rushed Rosa.

After so long an absence, during which so many important events have taken place, the
authoress

authorefs must be forgiven, even if she leave her heroine waiting for a welcome, and peep into the family arrangements of what was sometimes heretofore called "Croak-house."

Doctor Croak had now experienced an overturn in the wheel of fortune, which effected the very change that, in a process of one of his first grand experiments, cost him infinite labour and expence, it turned every thing to verdigrease!

He had brooded over his misfortunes, till he set down the being selected for the purpose of bringing a child into the world, by whom he might have been honestly benefited, as the primary cause of every evil under which he now groaned; forgetting *how* he had been aggrandized, he remembered only his humiliation. Seven thousand pounds, the property of the child, which he had expended, no doubt with great taste, retained a very small trait in his memory; but the eclaircissement which at once proved the injustice of his actions and the insolvency of his circumstances, was a cruelty and oppression which filled his bad heart with impotent rage, and

and added to the torture of those diseases which luxury and indolence engendered in his constitution. He instantly recognized Rosa, not as the amiable and unfortunate girl, for whom he had professed the utmost cordiality, but as a link to that chain of evils which overwhelmed him. The first glance of her renewed ideas he wished never to remember: being at that time almost helpless with gout, it gave him a momentary twinge; and the instant Rosa reached him, he uttered a long and peevish pish! which frightened her back to the parlour door.

Mrs. Bawsky was at cribbage with the only lady in Penry who had a fellow-feeling for the mortification in which her attachment to the bewitching doctor, involved her.

Mary Waltringham, the buxom maid of all work to a coach-maker in Long-acre, made an acquaintance with a sober couple, who, having by dint of penurious industry, saved money enough to establish themselves in the business of their master, a harness-maker, in the same neighbourhood; and were, in a few years, so successful, as to retire with an handsome

some competency to live, not as the axiom is, like themselves, but like other people.

Mary the Buxom had also her turn in the whirligig of destiny: A sober citizen of fortune, cast the eye of desire on her coarse red and white, and promoted her from the all-work of the coach-maker, to upper servant of three in his villa at Hackney, where she successfully studied the palate of her master, till he unfortunately fell out of his own gig, as he was spying through his glass after a barrow-girl in Whitechapel, by which accident he broke his own neck, and undid Mary the buxom; for he had such an aversion to every thing that reminded him he must leave the good things of this world, that he never could prevail on himself to say "I give and bequeath."

Mary being now at large, and hearing of the opulence of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle, dressed herself in her best, and went to pay them a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle knew very well how to make a good bargain, in buying a fine house, elegant furniture, handsome coach, and blood horses; but when set down in the former,
and

and in possession of all the latter, no two people could be more miserably at a loss in what manner to conduct themselves.

Mary's visit was the most opportune thing that could happen; for Mr. Snaffle having invited all the quality round Penry to dinner the good woman his wife had laid in provisions for a siege. Mrs. Mary, however, by cutting down the bill of fare in some articles, dividing it in others, and new-modelling the whole, set such an entertainment before the guests, as won the heart of her plain honest friend, who, after consulting her husband, desired her to add Miss to her name, and stay as long as she pleased with them;—and she did please to set herself down for life; she intrigued with the husband before his wife's face, deprived the well-meaning woman of every comfort of existence, and on the simple merit of culinary knowledge, usurping the authority of the house, insulted, ridiculed, and despised its unhappy mistress, who, suffering the inflicted torture with patient resignation, sunk, uncomplaining, into the grave.

Miss

Miss was now the most elegant entertainer, except only her sister, Mrs. Bawsky, in the environs of Penry; and Mr. Snaffle agreed, with some reluctance, to go through a ceremony, that had at least the novelty of the parson to recommend it, and make Miss an honest woman.

But there was an eye that marked them.

Mr. Snaffle was called to his long account, in the midst of the bridal preparations, without revoking a will made in favour of the relations of his deceased wife—"So down dropped Dido;"—for though he left her a handsome provision, it was only for life, and much too narrow to support such an house and equipage as she had now long been used to.

Nothing therefore could be more appropriate than the friendship of Mrs. Bawsky and Miss Waltringham, otherwise Mary the Buxom.

The ladies laid down their cards; and such was the involuntary respect the elegant manner and beautiful figure of Rosa excited, that, had it been possible for Miss to make a sudden

sudden movement under her enormous load of flesh, she would have risen before the mutual explanations of the doctor and his chere amie explained our heroine's ~~no~~ claims to respect of any kind.

Rosa, discouraged and almost sinking, asked the doctor with a faltering voice, if he did not know her?

The doctor looked at Mrs. Bawsky for his cue, and she answered for him; to be sure she was vastly grown, and indeed she could not say but what she was also much improved; but, stooping forward to her friend, said, in a sort of stage whisper every one *should* hear, "You remember the little beggar the East-India Colonel clothed and put to school."

"Remember! certainly, the story is too remarkable to forget;—but is this young lady——no——surely it is impossible."

Mrs. Bawsky having assured her it was the same, Miss put on her preservers, and said she was quite a well-grown young woman.

Well it was for poor Rosa that, excepting in one instance, she was never ashamed of the
poverty

poverty of her origin; since after flying from the comments of strangers, it seemed a pre-determined thing, that every being in whose memory she lived, should be sensible of the necessity of reminding her of what they conceived to be her disgrace.

“And pray, Miss—I suppose you call yourself Buhanun still—what has brought you to this part of the world?”

The question, the tone in which it was put, the look that accompanied it, and Mrs. Bawsky cutting the cards for her friend's deal, without shewing the least interest in what would be the answer, convinced her she had little to expect from them. But her feelings being free from those tender sensations of affectionate regret which so affected her at Mount Pleasant, did not long deprive her of presence of mind.

As it struck her that the mixture of pride and meanness which she had long known to be the ruling passions of Doctor Croak's mind, rendered a meeting with one whom he had neither seen nor heard of since the so visible alteration in his circumstances, painful and perhaps

perhaps mortifying, she therefore answered with a dimpled smile, she was brought there by her desire to see and inquire after her old friends and was not entirely disappointed, since she *saw* him, and since Mrs. Bawsky looked so well.

Mrs. Bawsky desired she would reach a chair and set down.

Rosa did as she was bid; and, after a few indifferent sentences, asked after dear Elinor.

The little sunshine her pleasing manners extorted from the cynical doctor and his bloated chere amie, instantly vanished. A settled gloom succeeded, and neither the most ardent entreaties, nor tears, could prevail on them to give her one word of information, either respecting her welfare or address.

Wearied out at length with her importunity, the Doctor said, that he had already been plagued enough on that young lady's account; that her relations need not be furnished with fresh provocations to use him ill; that if they chose she should keep up any of her old acquaintance, they would no doubt have permitted her to write to them; but that he believed they did not; and the very

last time he had seen Elinor, she entreated him particularly never to mention the name of Buhanun before them, that therefore, no opening by which any hangers-on might find her, should come from him. Rosa wrung her hands and wept—hope was at last deserting her; again she implored, and even knelt—and again was her petition rejected;—the more, indeed, she appeared affected at her disappointment, the more stern and resolute were the answers she received.

The maid in this instant entered to say, the postillion must put up his horses.

The doctor sent a glance from the corner of his eye to Mrs. Bawlsky—Mrs. Bawlsky returned the glance, but observed a dead silence.

Rosa's heart was bursting; but it was too stout to ask, or even accept, an obligation from those who wilfully withheld from her its first and dearest wish. After one more effort to make an impression on flint, she relieved them from their visible embarrassment, by taking and receiving a cold farewell.

"A bold-looking thing," said Miss Waltringham, in her hearing, as she stood at the door waiting for the drawing up of the chaise.

"What can one expect?" answered Mrs. Bawsky.

"What can she want with the direction?" resumed Miss.

"That is easily guessed," replied Mrs. Bawsky. "I think, Doctor, we heard the Scotchman who took her from school is dead."

"I am glad the doctor refused her," rejoined Miss Waltringham.

"Pish!" cried the doctor, with a groan; "a pretty scrape I should have brought myself into."

"Don't you think she was painted?" asked Miss.

"I think it very likely," answered madam.

"She looks monstrously made up."

Rosa still stood at the door: anger and scorn flashing from her eyes—the *where to go?* was repeated several times.

Familiar

Familiar as this distressing interrogation was now become, she appeared to be totally without comprehension of its import; but throwing herself into the chaise, remained silent.

The driver made his own comments: he had carried the young country lady, as he thought her, to two houses, where it was plain she was not a welcome guest. Now he had in the village an old acquaintance, where the case would be reversed, as nobody could receive strangers, whose appearance spoke for the state of their finances with more cordiality; accordingly he whipped up his horses, set off at a hand gallop, and stopped at the door of the Old White Horse.

The sight of a house where two or three times in the year Mrs. Harley had taken her to visit Landlord and Landlady Brown; the bench at the door, where honest John and his Shakespeare usually waited their arrival; and the red-bricked parlour, to which she was passively conducted, once the pride of Mrs. Brown, renewed such a train of recollections, all equally painful, that, to the

astonishment of a female who shewed her in, she threw herself on the first chair, and burst into a passion of tears.

The woman withdrew, with no small precipitation; and having added this anecdote to those the driver was giving the landlord, a doubt arose respecting her power to pay for civility, which was confirmed by the size and weight of her portmanteau. As this was a point of great importance, which it was very material to decide, the driver, without the smallest regard to the luxury of grief in which the poor traveller was indulging, first rapped at the door, and then abruptly entered to be paid for his chaise and horses.

Rosa meekly drew out her purse, and gave him a guinea for change.

The information he carried to the landlord brought him in; and he demanded, with great respect, if she would please to order any thing for dinner.

Rosa was sufficiently experienced in travelling to know dinners were indispensable at inns. "Any thing, any thing," cried she—her cheeks again deluged with tears. The
landlord

landlord stood before her—his eyes fixed on her face, with an expression which offended and surprised her.—Rosa was never wanting to herself when treated with unbecoming freedom: she arose, and, with an air of dignity, added, “Send in what you have got.” The man withdrew, but his eyes remained fixed on her till the door closed.

This behaviour recalled our heroine’s reflections to her own peculiar situation. It is true, she was now where, as it was the first scene of her early remembrance, might be called her native home; but if there were one place more destitute of every degree of comfort than another, this was precisely that place; and although she had in it neither property, connection, nor friends, she had already been greeted with the usual concomitants of poverty,—insult and contempt.

She indeed carried every where, in her own placid mind, the olive-branch of peace; and though no resting place could she find on the face of the earth, neither was there an ark for her to return to; in the same degree of natural partiality with which she had

cherished the remembrance of Penry, did her heart now recoil from the idea of remaining there in her present forlorn situation.

“Some natural tears *she* drop’d, but wip’d them soon;

“The world was all before *her*, where to choose

“*Her* place of rest, and Providence *her* guide.”

She had now no resource but to return to London. Mrs. Feversham’s motives for preventing her from commencing her journey the day before, appeared doubly kind, when contrasted with her freezing reception at Dr. Croak’s; and the attention of the servant, by her mistress’s order in the morning, was, in comparison of the experience of the last three hours, an astonishing effort of urbanity.

No other plan appearing so feasible, she determined to make herself known to Mrs. Feversham; to lay before her, without reserve, the whole of her situation, to ask her recommendation either as governess in a family or assistant in a school, and to be an economist of the small remains of Lady Hopley’s twenty pounds, in order to maintain herself in the mean while, without

without pecuniary obligations. Scarce was this little arrangement formed, before the postillion appeared with the change, and the female waiter entered to lay the cloth.

No end to the disappointments of this luckless day: the postillion absolutely refused to carry her back even to the place from whence he brought her.

He had a right to his return, and would not give it up.

Rosa did not understand what he meant; but, on being told, offered to pay him for the whole chaise, as a return.

No, he had already engaged as many returns as he could carry, and would take no more. The question then now, was not *where*, but *how*, to go?—for, although the improvements of Penry included, “Neat post-chaises to any part of Great-Britain,” Rosa’s mind’s eye was so intently fixed on the cruelty of Doctor Croak, she had passed all the new erections in the village, without seeing any thing, till the White Horse, the bench, and red-bricked parlour overwhelmed her with sorrowful recollections.

It was now some years since Sir Solomon Mushroom, lord of the manor of Penry, first began to meditate the downfall of the Old White Horse, and having built a large house on a modern plan, he had since been privately endeavouring to deprive the ancient inn of its license; but as the ground landlord was to the full as proud and as obstinate as his worship, though not quite so rich, he found it more difficult than any man with so much money could have reasonably expected; so that the grand point gained by the removal of honest John Brown and his loquacious helpmate, Betty, he put Sam the waiter as his tenant under the lease into the old inn.

But though Sam had succeeded in supplanting his mistress in the house, having it no further in his power to oblige the lord of the manor, that great man took especial care his new inn should supplant him in the business, and that once commodious and long-established thatched inn, the White Horse, was now reduced to a mere ale-house—resorted to, on account of the fine home-brewed ale, for which it was still famous,
only

only by a few of the old inhabitants, higglers' carts, and return-chaifes.

This premised, it was impossible for our heroine to be accommodated with any sort of carriage from what she thought the only inn in Penry. The famous painted cart, formerly the visiting vehicle of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, stood dropping to pieces under a shed; the horse which drew it having been starved on the common in the depth of the last winter.

But the driver and Sam understood each other perfectly: the former gravely assured our heroine it would be impossible for her to get a conveyance that day; but, that the next morning, several stages would pass farther Brill's close about a quarter of a mile off, when she might be sure of a cheap place; and Sam as gravely assured her, she would be very well accommodated where she was till then;—to prove which, he called the maid to shew her the bed-chamber.

The idea of getting to London cheap, was the only thing that pleased Rosa in the assurance of either; but as that was again becoming a very principal consideration, it in some mea-

sure reconciled her to the delay, and she followed her conductress to the bed-chamber.

Again were her feelings lacerated: it was the best chamber of poor Betty Brown: the white calico half-tester bed; the quilt, covered with the fine flowered frocks in which she had first dressed the little beggar; some broken remains of Colonel Buhanun's fine china, stuck together with white paint, ranged on the chimney shelf; over which was a coloured profile of poor John—his wife having, in all her trouble, taken care to remove one of her own, which she had proudly exhibited as its companion; the chairs, the glass, the neat white table, all in the same order as if they had never been removed, again drew floods of tears from Rosa; she could scarcely articulate her approbation of the room, and dismiss the maid. John's hard features—ah! how insensible of the honour!—was pressed to her rosy lips, and to her beating heart;—the well-remembered gaudy frocks watered with tears; and her exquisite sensibility rendering air necessary, she opened the little wood-bined casement.

But

But what an increase of emotion did the temporary relief occasion.

On the right, just out of the village, stood the house occupied by Colonel Buhanun; a little further, the almost roofless barn from which she had been sent by her mother, a half-starved, ragged infant mendicant, to solicit his charity. On that path she had fallen; to those steps she had clung; under that roof she had been clothed, fed, and nourished by him who was no more—by him whose death left her exposed to all the miseries from which his charity relieved her.

From objects so dear and so interesting, the lofty turrets of Mushroom Place, the beautiful lawn, luxuriant shrubbery, and ample park in front, had no power to detain her flowing eyes; but, on the left, embosomed in wood, and half seen over the tops of the houses, was Mount Pleasant; and thither too did memory painfully wander.

So entirely absorbed were all her faculties in the retracing of former scenes, that Sam himself had twice announced the dinner, before she followed him to the parlour, where the postillion waited to give her the little parcel she

she had picked up in the gravel walk at Mount Pleasant, which she had totally forgotten.

The *honest* lad conceiving, by the weight and wrapper, that it contained very transferable property, had conscientiously opened it; but finding only a large stone, which he had no means of changing to gold, he brought it to Rosa, and stood, hat in hand, waiting a gratuitous reward for his great honesty.

Rosa secretly reproaching herself for paying so little respect to a memento so kind, as she doubted not the wrapper contained, put half-a-crown into the finder's hand, and eagerly began to open the little parcel.

Now as half-a-crown was five times as much as the man expected, and thirty times as much as he thought the stone and its envelope worth; and moreover, Rosa having given it with a certain air of generous good-will, such as he had long known how to turn to advantage, he very naturally began to grumble at the smallness of his reward, which, the more interest he observed in her countenance as she explored the contents, the more cer-

cain

tain he grew, was very inadequate to the value of the service he had rendered. The man became not only more eloquent, but impertinent, before he gave the matter up; but finding it impossible to obtain attention, he at length quitted the room, and, with a knowing wink, shewing the half-crown to Sam, set off on his return home.

After removing four envelopes, wrapped round a stone, Rosa discovered a billet, which, in a terrible scrawl, run thus :—

“ My dear, dear Miss Rosa Buhann,

“ Oh! how I do love you, and oh! how I do hate our cross governess, who won't let us speak to you; but don't be angry—you bid me hate nobody—but she is always hating herself;—and who do you think she hates?—why our dear governess Harley—only think how wicked! Charlotte and the two Reeves and I, do so long to hug you round the neck; but Mrs. Bagnal charged them to have nothing to say to you, and made them promise;—and we all know you never loved any body who tells fibs; but she did not think of me, tho’

tho' I am eight years old, and have learned to write ever so many weeks, and was your own dear friend's child;—and oh! how good she was to me; but we must never talk of her now—not so much as in our prayers; but I always whisper God Almighty to bless my dear Miss Elinor Bawlsky,—that I do, and a fig for you know who; but here Charlotte teazes me to tell you, that one fine Sunday, as we were walking home from church, who should come up but a post-chaise and four, with a sweet pretty handsome young gentleman; and he got out and walked with governess, and asked all about you; and she was so frumpish and cross, she did nothing but scold, and said she knew nothing of you—though Charlotte longed to let him know you was at Scotland; then he wanted to leave his address, and she flounced away and would not take it; and he said, Jemima Reeves heard him say it, if you was above ground, he would find you;—then she ordered us all in, and bang'd the gate in his face. So, when Charlotte passed, she just said “Scotland,” but she don't think he heard, because

because she was afraid to speak loud; but Jemima heard him tell the driver to go to Brown's, at the White Horse, in the village, and that was more provoking than any thing, because we all knew poor Mrs. Brown was gone away;—and then, what do you think Mrs. Bagnal said? it was some shocking fellow come to steal the rich Miss Lollypop, our confectioner's daughter;—and Charlotte says he is a sweet-looking young man, the picture of our cousin Henry, of Bengal—and he is quite a beauty; and as to Miss Lollypop, she squints, and is crooked;—and Charlotte says it is impossible such a handsome young man would think of stealing her;—but you can't think how Charlotte hurries me; but I will send you a whole line of kisses—there

.....
from Jemima and Augusta Reeves, Charlotte and your dear little friend,

“HENRIETTA NELSON.”

Tears now bedewed our heroine's cheek from a different source—grateful sensibility: she kissed the scarce-legible writing; but on
a second

a second perusal, Montreville, in all charms of grace and eloquence, filled the whole of a mind from which, indeed, he was never absent: to him only surely could so innocent and animated a picture belong; and had he already traced—traced—alas! where did disguised hope carry her?—No, it could not be him—he was ignorant of the name she bore at Penry; nay, it was probable, he was equally a stranger to the place itself. Certainly of Mrs. Brown he could not have even heard; and, more than all, it was impossible in point of time it could be him—sighing at giving up an idea so flattering—who then could it be? Doctor Cameron, Lord Lowder's gentleman said, was come to London—was it him? or was it not more likely his Lordship himself? yet would these gentlemen be described by boarding-school girls as young and handsome, so like the beautiful cousin at Bengal?—certainly not;—but again, who then could it be? He ordered his carriage from Mount Pleasant to Brown's:—poor Brown was not at Penry; but was it not natural he should make inquiries there?

The

The bell was rung with trepidation; it was unnecessary—Sam, unobserved by her, stood at the back of her chair.

She hastily asked if he recollected at any time a gentleman calling there from Mount Pleasant to——

“To inquire about you, ma’am,” answered Sam, with that kind of significant earnestness that had before offended her.”

“Me! do you know me, Sir?”

“Know ye! do I know my own name! why Miss, I have carried you baskets of fruit a hundred times. My poor master, Brown, always gathered or bought the best of fruit to send to Mount Pleasant.”

“Poor Brown!”

“Ah, Miss! he was used very ill—our lord of the manor——well, I say nothing; but no man can have been worse used by him than myself—none, after what I did for him.”

“But the gentleman who called.”

“I know him too, Miss, as well as I do you: he has no more reason, I believe, to brag of our lord of the manor than other folks

folks. Ah, Miss! there are strange stories about—but I say nothing—though murder will out.”

“ But the gentleman.”

“ As fine a young fellow as treads on shoe leather, Miss! I dare say he came home from India on purpose.”

“ India! India! did you say?” cried Rosa, rising in agitation, “ who is he? where is he to be found?”

“ Why, Miss, his name is Littleton—Mr. Horace Littleton, he used to be called, tho’ some folks say he is by right a great lord; for my part, I say nothing; but if he is not a some body more than some folks gave out, why I should think he’d hardly offer to marry him to his niece; but I say nothing;—I am his tenant. In bad times a man can’t always keep out of debt, and prisons are hard lines;—however, the young man would not *then*, as folks said—I say nothing—have any thing to do with the family; and he was right,—for what’s got on the devil’s back, you know, Miss——”

Rosa

Rosa was kept silent during this oration, by a mixture of joy and surprise. Every letter she had received from Colonel Buhanun, mentioned this Mr. Littleton; he was classed with herself in the affectionate regard of that good man; and his name thus familiarized was dear to her heart and recollection. He must be worthy, would he else have been beloved by Colonel Buhanun! At last she heard of a being who would be interested in her welfare; at last she would find another honourable protector, one who perhaps closed the eye of her first benefactor, who heard his last wishes, who might even be charged with them to herself.

Had not Sam of himself ceased to *say nothing*, he might have completed the Mushroom family anecdotes without any sort of danger; but his pause renewed her impatience. "Where is Mr. Littleton?" she eagerly asked.

"Why, Miss," answered Sam, "to the best of my belief, he is at this moment at Mushroom Place, making up the match with Sir Solomon for his niece: she said she'd

she'd have nobody else, and so 'tis to be a match—but I say nothing."

"At Mushroom Place!—can you carry a note from me to him directly?"

"Why no, Miss, I don't think I can do that; for, as Sir Solomon did really tell him as he knew nothing about you, he may not like it;—but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll send our Judith up to the Place—her brother is one of the footmen."

"Pen and ink directly," said Rosa.

"Provided you mention no names," said Sam.

Rosa agreed; and immediately scratched out a short note, which the landlord approving, Judith was sent to Mushroom Place, with order to give it her brother, to deliver to—and Sam winked at Rosa—"my lady Miss Mushroom's, humble servant—

"*To Mr. Littleton,*" said Rosa, with emphasis, and away tripped Judith.

The dinner was untouched—Rosa's mind was in tumults—it was scarce possible for Judith to have reached the Place before she anxiously expected her back. A japan clock

clock which, ticked behind the door, pointed to the passing time ;—an hour dragged heavily on, and yet Judith came not.

Wearied with impatience and conjecture, yet unable to detach a single idea from Mr. Littleton, she ascended to the little chamber, opened the woodbined casement, and fixed her eyes on the avenue to the Place. At length, to her infinite joy, she saw Judith returning, and with her a smart livery servant. She ran down to receive the answer to her billet—it was verbal. The servant delivered it with a curious earnestness—"the gentleman begged to see her at Mount Pleasant, and sent him to conduct her thither."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mushroom Place

*What befel the Beggar at Mount Pleasant, and
shewing the Wisdom, if not the Politeness of the
old Adage, "look before you leap."*

HAD Rosa's curiosity been tempered with discretion; had her joy been meliorated by prudence; that is in short to say, had she been a few degrees less impetuous, and a few years older, she would, in the first place, have recollected, that Miss Mushroom had, at least, one admirer, or, as Sam termed it, an humble servant, besides Mr. Littleton; and, in the next, she would have considered, that more was due to her sex and situation, than

a vague, unceremonious invitation to the house of a person, to whom she had so well-grounded a dislike.

But the damsel was in alt; she trod on air; and, unconscious of the admiration her graceful mein excited from every eye at the inn, as, followed by the servant, she crossed the road, in her way to Mushroom-place, oh, how light were here steps! how more than light her heart!

Anticipating a meeting with some one in the creation, to whom her existence were, on disinterested motives, of importance, she even fancied she should know the person of Mr. Littleton. She had teased Sam, during Judith's absence, out of so many descriptions of his person and countenance, that her fancy, always sanguine, portrayed his very features. She reached the place, and was admitted into the great hall, in a delirium of expectation, which happily prevented her feeling the indelicacy of her situation, or being surprised at the want of etiquette, with which her *entrée* was observed by the servants.

Every

Every thing about this superb dwelling seemed to prove, that the Mushroom family, like that of Tobosa la Mancha, though modern in itself, would be sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages.

The whole house had been beautified and new furnished, since our heroine was in it before ; the ancient marble pavement and pillars were indeed the same, in the grand hall, but the latter were ornamented and gilt ; the ceiling and stair-case painted by Kauffman ; and several niches, made for that purpose, filled with statues, lately imported, at an immense expence, from Italy, of the highest reputation for symmetry and workmanship.

Occupied as Rosa's fancy now was, the grandeur and elegance of the scene surprized even her ; nor could she fail to recall the times, when, in that spot, less adorned indeed, she had often been received, careffed, and, apparently, beloved : sickening, as with the scenes of juvenile friendship, she recollected the narrowness of soul, which a short time so completely matured, in her early companions ;
moralising

moralising on that chance that had cast her, a beggar, under the very walls, where she was afterwards received as an honoured guest, and again brought her, unknown, unexpected, and, to the owners, unwelcome, under the same roof; she felt not the humiliation of waiting unnoticed for admittance, in a grand hall which afforded not a single seat.

After some time the folding doors of the eating room were thrown open; she heard a loud burst of laughter, and was desired to come forward.

It was in this moment, that a flash of something in the shape of doubt, which imagination could not define, in one moment subdued the fortitude hope had inspired, and she shrunk back confounded and irresolute.

The servant still invited her approach; the doors were wide open; all within were silent.—She took her heart to task—what! whom had she to fear? Was she not waiting to see the adopted friend of her benefactor! her own friend!—Her confidence returned; yet she trembled, and scarce knowing how, found herself in a large room, near a table
5 covered

covered with decanters, of different sorts of wine, goblets, glassess, and gilt stands with fruit.

Some persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, that is to say, as far as depended on their taylors and valets ; and some others, who had less of that appearance than those taylors, or those valets, were seated round in high convivial glee.

Rosa raised her modest eyes, and happened to fix them on an handsome sun-burnt face, which she instantly fancied was Mr. Littleton; the gentleman, struck with the beauty of her countenance, as well as her particular notice of him, arose, reached a chair, and then returned to his seat.

As, supposing she was right in her conjectures, that this was Mr. Littleton, considering the solicitude he had expressed to find her, this was a strange mode of receiving her ; she changed colour, and her confusion became torture, when a second loud burst of laughter convinced her she was the object of their amusement.

Afraid

Afraid of she knew not what, she cast a fearful glance half-round, and was almost petrified by the broad stare of the Earl of Lowder.

But, before we proceed, we must, in due respect to the rank and quality of the guests then and there assembled, introduce them to the reader.

At the right of a chair, vacated, after the third bottle, by the founder of the feast, on account of a nervous habit encreasing on his constitution, sat the Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet; on the left, the Earl of Denningcourt, looking, as usual, neither at the table, the company, the wine, the fruit, nor the lady; but as his eyes were certainly open, at something it is presumed in the air, superior to either; next him, Lord Delworth, whom our heroine mistook for Mr. Littleton, but who was, in fact, a much greater personage, being son and heir to the Earl of Gauntlet.

On the opposite side, next the said Earl, sat another right noble Earl, my Lord of Lowder, whose Buckhorse face remained

fixed exactly opposite that of our affrighted heroine.

There were also Major Montreville, second son to the Earl of Gauntlet, a very young man for so old a commission, who, besides the colour of his regimentals, had nothing of the officer about him, except the immorality too often attached to the character; a Colonel Richly, an intimate associate of the last mentioned gentleman; Sir Jacob Lydear, the Yorkshire Orson; and the Rev. Mr. Jolter, a person, who, however liberal of sorts of expletives in his general conversation, "never mentions hell to ears polite."

To account for the meeting of so many noble personages of our acquaintance, with so many to whom we are strangers, at this time, under Sir Solomon Mushroom's magnificent roof, the reader must understand, that the bond of amity, between him and his always steady friend, Lord Gauntlet, so far from yielding to what conquers all things, "Time," was at this period drawing closer than ever. It was by his Lordship's interest the

the blood of the Mushrooms was grafted into one noble stock ; and it was by his management, it had now some tolerable chance of a second advancement of the same kind.

It had indeed, some three years back, been Sir Solomon's grand plan, to give his eldest niece, and her eighty thousand pounds, to the heir of his noble friend ; but though the Earl was ice on the business, as far as respected his own alliance, he was indefatigable in promoting the ladies' interest in the families of Lowder and Denningcourt. The latter treaty had, indeed, proceeded with great deliberation ; perhaps, from the predilection of the lady, in favour of her first choice Mr. Littleton ; perhaps, from some similar cause on the part of the young lord ; but, at present, whether the gentleman's having neglected the lady, or the lady having neglected the lord, or whatever other cause, the treaty had been protracted, certain it is, matters were now so much *en train*, that this family party was actually considered as preparatory to the final arrangement ; and it is as extraordinary as true, that though the common friend of both parties,

the Earl of Gauntlet affected to rejoice in the success of an event of his own planning, he had now nothing so much at heart as breaking off the treaty entirely, and bringing about the very match he had formerly declined with outward civility and inward contempt; with his son; but it was now his dear friend's turn to be ice on the business.

The village people had spoken, with more truth than respect, of some secret motives for the offer Sir Solomon certainly made, of his niece and her eighty thousand pounds, to a boy bred up on his *charity*—it was a recent affair; and, as refusing a fine woman with so large a fortune, would, in many people's opinion, be an act of insanity, no wonder it was disbelieved among the villagers; or that, as Miss was known to be desperately in love, the family coming to Penry, ostensibly to receive the destined husband, and settle preliminaries, the error of landlord Sam was a general one in the neighbourhood.

Rosa's note being ordered by Sam to be given to Miss Mushroom's humble servant, a
footman

footman laid it on a silver waiter and carried it to Lord Denningcourt.

His lordship, with apparent difficulty, exerted himself so far as to lay down his toothpick, let fall his handkerchief, and open the note.—The lassitude of manner and insipidity of look, which cast a disgusting shade over his fine features and person, evaporated for one moment, during the perusal, but returned the next; he yawned, threw down the note, resumed his toothpick, and appeared to have totally forgot the whole transaction, till the servant, in an humble whisper, asked if there was any answer.

“Answer!” repeated his lordship, “to what?”

“The note, my lord.”

“Oh the note! true—I protest I had forgot; my compliments to the lady, I am engaged.”—Then putting the note into his pocket, he relapsed into silence and insipidity.

“The lady!” repeated Lord Delworth—
“—come I’ll bet a *rolleau* the note is *not* from a lady.”

"I won't win your money, Delworth," replied Lord Denningcourt, "because I believe you can use it to more advantage; but there is the note, and you may both read, and answer it, if you please."

"*You have* answered it," said Lord Gauntlet, gravely. "Surely, Lord Denningcourt, this is not a proper place for—"

"'Tis a place, Lord Gauntlet, I take it, for any thing I chuse to do; every place I am in must be so to me."

"Come, come, no profling—read," vociferated the major.

"Ay, read, read," cried his echo, the colonel.

Lord Delworth desired his brother would be clerk.

The major had taken too much wine; he turned it over to the colonel.

The colonel would bet odds, the major could not read three words without spelling.

The major would take any odds, the colonel could not spell at all.—The colonel retorted—the major replied—repartee, and we wish we could add wit, was the rage of the moment.

Parson

Parson Jolter was snoring. From cutting up each other, the two bucks began quizzing the parson; while Rosa, telling the tardy moments, waited an answer; and the note would have remained to be cleared away with the glasses, had not Sir Jacob Lydear, having first assured the company, he had larned of Parson Joulter to read all sorts of riten-hand, offered himself for clerk on this important occasion, and Lord Denningcourt, looking rather doubting, he instantly arose, and proved his assertions, by reading in a clerk-like tone and audible voice

THE NOTE.

“ The person you were so good as to take the trouble to enquire after, at Mount Pleasant, is extremely anxious to have the pleasure of seeing you; hearing you are at Mushroom-place, and being ignorant of your address, she hazards this note, to inform you, she is at the inn. The anxious wish to hear of our dear and lamented friend must apologize for this trouble.

R. B.”

M 4.

The

The table was in a roar of applause.

"Vastly well, Jacob, and very clerk-like," said Lord Lowder.

"But who is this R. B.?" asked Lord Gauntlet, gravely.

Lord Denningcourt had his flash of sensibility; he coloured; but relapsing into inanity, "have you a wish to see her?" said he.

Oh, see her, see her, by all means—even the quizzers voted for ocular demonstration.

"Very well,"—then speaking to the servant, "my compliments, request the honour of the lady's company here."

On this ridiculous message then, was Rosa unguardedly involved in the most cruel embarrassment; and the mistake was productive of all the effects of the most brilliant joke, as it amused half a dozen men of fashion, and put a modest woman out of countenance. Having explained thus far, we return to Rosa, who, transfixed by the gorgon, which was so near turning her to stone, could not speak, and scarcely breathed.

Lord Lowder immediately recognized the face he so much admired, and on which he
had

had so great a bet, which two days would determine ; and rejoiced at an accident, which, after all his successful enquiries, thus unexpectedly gave him a chance of not only possessing her, but even winning his bet with Lord Aron Horsemagog. The triumphant earnestness of his gaze, changed the most beautiful work of animated nature into the appearance of marble. Lord Denningcourt, who affected to look at nothing, also recollected her, and was the first to observe both cause and effect ; he rose with alacrity to assist her : But there was another person in company, more interested than Lord Lowder, more agile than Lord Denningcourt, who, with trembling limbs and beating heart, prevented " the prattiest lass in the world " from falling.

" The sectaries of pleasure are not *all* quite so bad as they are willing to make themselves appear : " The gentlemen had enjoyed the joke, but they were also all, not excepting the quizzing captain, now concerned. The bells were rung ; the alarm given ; and the Ladies, Lowder and Gauntlet, with the Earl

Gauntlet's two daughters, and Miss Mushroom, broke up their little party, of guinea *vingt-une*, to see what was the matter.

Miss Mushroom, though surprised to see Rosa at Mushroom-place, was in some measure prepared by her sister, to observe and envy the rapid improvements of her person, and, agreeable to the family politics, did not appear to have the least knowledge of her: It indeed, in a few minutes, became a horrid offence to this knot of virtuous and fashionable ladies, to suffer such a creature to receive the least assistance in their presence, or even to breathe the same atmosphere with them: as for poor Lady Lowder, she no sooner beheld the lifeless form of our heroine, in the arms of Sir Jacob Lydear, and not only Lord Lowder, but all the gentlemen, anxious to restore her, than she fell into such a passion of grief, and bemoaned her wretched fate, with such pathetic sorrow, that it was impossible to mistake the source of her uneasiness.

Lord Denningcourt, who was of all lords the most inexplicable, resumed his seat on the entrance of the ladies, appearing to listen to

Lady

Lady Lowder's complaints, while his eyes were fixed on her lord.

The ladies now understanding that Rosa was a vile creature, of whom Lord Lowder was fond, abandoned all concern for her, and attended only to the injured Lady Lowder, whom they would have prevailed on to quit the room ; and even my lord, who had some secret reasons for chusing to keep terms with his rich father-in-law, attempted to soothe and pacify her, without effect ; as the creature, she declared, would be her death ; and when Sir Jacob Lydear, observing every body offering assistance, where it was not wanted, and refusing it where nature and humanity ought to enforce it, fairly carried Rosa out of the house, she fell into down right fits, shrieking, sobbing, and beating herself, in a manner that convinced some part of the company, she was not only the most injured, but the most fond of women.

Sir Solomon Mushroom, roused from his afternoon's nap, by the disorder in his family, now made his *entree*, and adapted the most summary method of restoring order : he carried

his daughter himself to her room ; directed it to be darkened, and a doctor sent for to let her blood ; then calmly returned to the company, who, Lady Lowder and Rosa being now both absent, laughed at the one, and despised the other.

Lord Lowder, fearing to loose sight of his prey, affected to take offence at his lady's *unjust* suspicion ; declared his intention to return to town, and ordered his gentleman to prepare accordingly, in spite of the remonstrance and entreaties of both his father-in-law, and his good friend Lord Gauntlet.

In the mean while, Sir Jacob Lydear did not find the domestics of Mushroom-place, such absolute adamant out of the noble presence as in it ; he got assistance for Rosa, and soon had the real pleasure to see her revive. The first object that met her eyes, which was himself, had nearly closed them again.

“ Oh where, where am I ? ” she cried, covering her face with her hand.

Sir Jacob was every way rapidly improving, under the tutelage of his fair relation, the Countess of Lowder, whom, as she had
taken

taken infinite pains to cure him of his low attachment to Rosa, he had gratefully accompanied first to Scarborough, and then to London.

Sir Jacob Lydear's was an open, ingenuous heart; had his faculties been properly cultivated, when every lesson has its moral, he might have been an ornament to society; but it was his peculiar misfortune to have the veil of ignorance withdrawn by the hand of dissipation: his passions were strong; but that he felt for Rosa was now meliorated into a tender respect, mixed with melancholy regret, and he could not persecute a being who so evidently stood in need of protection; he therefore paid one of the maids handsomely for attending her to the inn, and waited at a distance 'till he saw her enter; when, totally ignorant of all that was passing in his absence, he returned to the company, convinced in his own mind, notwithstanding Lord Denningcourt carried it off so well, that he was our heroine's sweetheart; and much he wondered how it was possible for any man to forsake so sweet a lass, for all the riches in the world, which he supposed to be the cause of Rosa's letter and fit.

Rosa

Rosa was in the mean while, in the utmost terror and trepidation : she understood from the maid-servant, that Mr. Littleton was not at the Place ; and concluded some mistake had occurred in the delivery of her note : but the unaccountable and fatal chance that again exposed her to the insults of the two men in the world, who were equally the objects of her fear and hatred, confounded her.

The landlord, Sam, was equally confounded ; and, as notwithstanding his admirable faculty of *saying nothing*, he stood in great awe of the lord of the manor, he considered it as an highly important point to rid his house of a person so disagreeable at the Place ; he recanted the two assertions made, one by himself, the other by the postillion : first, he had no accommodations for the night ; second, he could procure a chaise to carry Miss to London.

Rosa had lately proved, that with all her wit and sentiment, she was a little deficient in common sense ; but Sam's manœuvre was too palpable even for her ; and though had he not been so eager for her departure, she might
have

have doubted the security of his little house, against the purse and power of so great a man as Lord Lowder, or so headstrong a one as the baronet, yet she now resolved to continue where she was, at least till day-light the next morning; and observing in Sam's face an expression of determined insolence, she quietly retired to the room where her portmanteau was left, and of which indeed she had taken possession; and having locked the door, seated herself by the woodbined casement, resolved not to undress, but to wait till she had the protection of broad day, and then take a guide to the great turnpike road, in hope of those conveniences so positively spoken of by the landlord.

She had no candle; and but for the friendly light of the moon, rising in majestic splendour over the turrets of Mushroom-place, must have ruminated on her hapless condition in total darkness, except, indeed, the lights reflecting from the windows of Mushroom-place.

In this situation, she had remained an hour, when she was terrified at the sound of a voice, which

which had made too strong an impression on her memory, to be easily forgotten: it was that of Lord Lowder's gentleman, just under the window.

With trembling hands she gently opened a little of the casement, and put her ear close to it; but though she could now have seen as well as heard the agreeable personage; after the first salutation of landlord Sam, the conversation dwindled into a sort of growl, between the common organ of speech and a hoarse whisper.

A thousand terrific forebodings now assailed our poor Beggar: with great difficulty she dragged the bedstead against the door, and placed on it all the chairs, the little table, and whatever else she could find, to add to her security; having done this she returned to the casement.

The men were gone; the house not being over-thronged by customers, was silent; and thus, sometimes sinking with terror, and sometimes weeping in fond regret over the scenes to which the objects, on which the moon's brightest rays reflected, were attached,

Rosa

Rosa remained till the church clock struck ten; soon after which a bustle, first in the house, then on the stairs, and last a smart rap at the door, nearly deprived her of power to respire.

Firmly resolved to continue within the barricades she had employed herself in making, and in case of their being forced, to alarm the village with her shrieks, she continued silent, trembling and gasping for breath.

The rap was repeated yet more smartly; and Rosa would have demanded the business of the disturber, had she been able to articulate one syllable, but the effort died on her lips, and a third and louder rap almost deprived her of sense.

"You must be mistaken, friend," said a female voice, in which harmony, sweetness, and interest were blended.

Rosa started up; her cheeks flushed; her respiration became free; energy returned to her mind, and power to her faculties. It was a woman; one of her own gentle sex. Some of these whom she knew, were indeed, imperfect models of what they ought to be; but others,
oh,

oh, how above praise were they ! Mrs. Buchanan, Lady Lowder, Mrs. Bawlsky, and even Mrs. Feversham, had minds with whom her's could never assimilate, and from whom the soul of unreserved confidence recoiled ; but as the possibility that a bad intriguing man would, in any case, be abetted in his impure designs on an innocent woman, by one of her *own sex*, could not occur to her, either from her own feeling, or experience, and as, among those few vitiated characters which were sometimes introduced as warnings in the book she had read, the colourings were evidently heightened, the more strongly to mark the contrast of opposite virtues, classing them with the all-perfect heroines, she had set the two extremes down for " monsters the world never saw," she therefore hastened to remove her fortifications, and on opening the door, was struck with pleasing astonishment, at sight of a female, in whom every charm of grace, beauty, and elegance, were combined ; and in whose fascinating countenance, there was an expression of candour and sweetness it was impossible to resist.

Surprise

Surprize and joy at hearing this lady speak, had raised a glow on Rosa's cheeks; but the anxiety, inquietude, and terror, left too strong traces on her countenance, to escape the observation of the elegant stranger, whose looks also expressed her surprize at the disorder of the furniture. She took Rosa's hand, and with a most prepossessing air of frankness, apologized for her late visit; then looking round, added, "but what! in the name of heaven! have you been at here?"

What a moment was this for our poor Beggar; it was all astonishment, pleasure and gratitude.—She was addressed with kindness by a being of a superior order, of her own sex, whose every accent invited confidence, and whose looks at the same time, more eloquent than language, spoke volumes of the goodness of her heart. Rosa could not speak; the colour on her cheek varied from red to pale, and from pale to red: she pressed the soft white hand which was so condescendingly extended to hers, to her lips and heart, and staggered breathless to a chair.

The

The lady having again cast her lovely eyes round the apartment, smiled; "Come," said she, "don't alarm yourself; I see how it is; you are afraid of that ugly Lord Lowder, and I am not surprized at it; your friend is of a very different description."

My friend! thought Rosa, deeply blushing—my friend! has this lady then the power as well as the form of a supernatural being?—does she know him to whom at least I am a friend?

The lady was all observation as well as goodness; she saw the blush without appearing to see it, and seating herself beside the trembling Rosa, accounted for what she was pleased to call her intrusion, by declaring she was extremely affected at the state in which she had seen her at Mushroom-place; and though she perceived the family prejudice, which indeed appeared to her very absurd, as a visitor there, she could not, with any regard to common decency, interfere, yet she would assuredly have made some enquiries after her, even had she not been happy to oblige Lord Denningcourt.

Rosa

Rosa's delight, as the harmonious accents thrilled on her ear, and as encouraged by the condescension of the lady, she gazed on her bewitching countenance, was now a little mixed with surprize. "Lord Denningcourt!" she repeated.

A momentary surprize also passed over the face, which time had not power to rob of a single grace, but it did not break in on the suavity of her manner, nor the harmony of her periods. She proceeded to say, that his lordship was no less concerned for the mistake which had been the means of distressing her, than disgusted at the unfeeling disposition of his intended bride; but here she corrected herself—she had perhaps touched on a tender subject; perhaps Lord Denningcourt's engagement, were better not mentioned—and she fixed her fine dark eyes on our heroine.

Rosa's tranquil brow gave no information of what the lady at that moment suspected was passing in her heart: she was more occupied with grateful pleasure, than any curiosity respecting Lord Denningcourt or his engagements; that nobleman's happy faculty of
forgetting

forgetting had fixed him in her idea, as a very insignificant character, at the same time that, not joining exactly in Mrs. Feversham's opinion as to the meaning of his note, she gave him credit for his good intentions.

The beautiful lady continued to state, that his lordship, having been informed, through his valet, that Lady Lowder's jealousy was not entirely ungrounded, as far as respected her lord's designs, and being, as no doubt she knew, interested in her safety—

Again the radiant eye-beam rested on Rosa's face; but had it pierced the utmost recesses of her soul, there was no discovery to make.

After a short pause she proceeded :—His lordship had entreated her, in whose friendship and regard he had reason to confide—here the beautiful lady seemed a little at a loss, and had not the rouge on her cheeks concealed “all seasons and their change,” a blush might probably have been seen; but in a moment recovering both the suavity and ease of manner, which so charmed our Beggar, again she proceeded.—Lord Denning-
court

court had indeed but echoed her own sentiments, in wishing to protect her from insult, which, on account of some bet she did not clearly comprehend, might possibly be offered her.

Now then it was, that for the first time, the name of Denningcourt raised an agreeable sensation in Rosa's mind. She was apprized of the, possibly principal, inducement Lord Lowder had to pursue her; and the means taken by Lord Denningcourt to prove himself her friend, by recommending her to the protection of an amiable and accomplished woman, was so delicate, so gentle, manlike, and so noble, that she spoke her sentiments and opinion of it with an energy and freedom, that no less surprized than pleased the beautiful lady.

With respect to Lady Lowder, Rosa said, she neither respected her character, nor regretted that ill opinion which her jealousy or her prejudice evinced; and her lord was not more disgusting in principle than in manner; he was, in her opinion, so contemptible a being, that the vanity of the most vain must be humbled

humbled by his notice; and a stranger, as from her humble rank in life she was, to people in an elevated sphere, she rejoiced to find a Lord Lowder contrasted by a Lord Denningcourt.

The beautiful lady's eyes only spoke approbation of her spirit and manner, while she asked, with the most insinuating sweetness, if she had been long acquainted with Lord Denningcourt.

Rosa answered, not only truly but circumstantially, and observed with extreme pleasure, that her simple detail of the adventure in Holborn, the interview at Mrs. Feversham, and the note which she produced, evidently pleased and entertained the charming auditor, who apologizing for what was meant to serve her, though it might bear the odious mark of impertinent curiosity, asked the explanation of an enigma, that always conveyed an indirect censure, which was, her assuming different names; as it appeared the family at Mushroom place, as well as Lord Lowder, knew her by that of Buhanan, while Lord Denningcourt understood from Mrs. Feversham,

sham, she announced herself by that of Walsingham.

Rosa's countenance fell under the beautiful lady's eye-beam at this question; but it has been before observed, nothing but love ever lessened her own self-respect,—that high, that all-consoling respect which conscious rectitude only can inspire, independent of local circumstances, supported her; and she answered, without the smallest hesitation, that the explanation the beautiful lady asked, was so involved in the events of her humble life, she could not give the one without reciting the other.

“You charm me,” replied the lady; “your countenance is the most ingenuous, and your manners the most frank I have ever met; you really are an exquisite girl; no event of your life, however humble, can lessen the interest I shall take in all your affairs.”

Rosa feared, however important they were to herself, the incidents and misfortunes of her life were too insignificant to amuse; but under so strange and suspicious an appearance as the change of name gave her, she was

ready to avail herself of the lady's permission, and enter into the explanation she desired.— A servant had brought lights, and partly arranged the furniture, and the lady drew her chair near the little casement.

“ I protest,” said she, “ this scene is quite romantic ; how beautifully the moon rises beyond the house of that over-grown knight, and what a solemn grandeur it sheds over the surrounding trees ; come, suppose yourself a distressed damsel, as indeed you are, pursued by that horrid enchanter, Lord Lowder, relating your adventures to——”

“ To some charitable and virtuous princess,” interrupted Rosa, in the same tone of raillery.

“ Yes,” replied the lady ; “ and depend on it, I will either commission some of my knights to drive the enchanter from you, or take you from the enchanter : but begin, that I may determine which.”

Rosa then gave a concise outline of her story to the time of her quitting Lady Lydear's house, and as much of Sir Jacob Lydear's behaviour as could be hinted at without naming

naming the Montrevilles; her meeting with her mother; and a tender hint of those propensities which prevented her remaining with, or even making herself known to that unhappy woman; and lastly, her disappointments, distress, and accident, since she arrived in the metropolis.

The interesting regards of the beautiful lady's countenance, were invariably fixed on Rosa, during the recital of her truly humble story; and when it was concluded, she exclaimed, with vivacity, "So then, both your names are fictitious; well, my pretty mendicant, I almost envy, I certainly admire, and were it possible in nature for one pretty woman to love another, (you see if I have more vanity, I do not affect less frankness than yourself) I should love you. Your own particular fate is rather extraordinary, but those you have been connected with, are all common characters: it is your ignorance of the world that exaggerates both the virtues and vices of the narrow sphere where your little adventures happened. Sir Solomon Mushroom is a rich man with a sordid mind—nothing

is more common : Colonel Buhannun had, I dare say, been guilty of a thousand enormities, for which he meant to atone in the old way, charity : Mrs. Harley was a good old fashioned abecedarian, without passions or temptation to step out of the beaten track of her grand-mother : the Major a true Scotsman, nice at calculations, who proved by the golden rule, that it would be œconomy to carry his daughters a model, whom he could pay in a coin more comeatable than money—superlative benevolence ; — Mrs. Buhannun was just such a young wife, to an old man, as one meets in all parties, and she has acted as these sort of poor things always do act : Mrs. Walsingham was a prudish enthusiast, who left the world in a rage, because she could not have her own way in it,—I have known an hundred such : Lady Lowder is only one, among crowds of envious simpletons, who have every disposition but power to be a petty tyrant : Lord Lowder, a man of the world, is at an early age a veteran in those absurdities, in which the innumerable Sir Jacob Lydears are only novices : Mrs. Feverham is

is a toad-eater,—women of fashion, when out of spirits, which often happens, have half a dozen such, merely to vent their spleen on before they are seen by their friends: Lord Denningcourt indeed is not quite so ordinary a character—he has the finest eyes in the world, good teeth, a noble demeanour, and his figure—in short, he towers above his sex, but still he has his peers;—and as to me, tell me frankly, how would you describe me?”

Rosa would not, she replied, dispute any point with so elegant and able a casuist; if the virtues, so dear and acceptable to her heart, were indeed so common, what an enchanting world was that the lady was so well acquainted with, where even the vices, if general, would be repelled with the more facility; “But you, madam,” she added—“no—it is impossible—you cannot be a common character—I dare not hope it; *you* have *not*, I at least have never seen, *your* peer.”

“Well, with all your inexperience, you are an agreeable flatterer; and as Lord Denningcourt interests himself in your affairs,

and as I have really an inclination to be his double, speak freely—how can I serve you? but before you answer, understand I am Countess of Gauntlet.”

Rosa would instantly have risen, both in respect to the high rank of the lady, and that countenance, which, in her present situation, was an acquisition of the greatest importance; but the Countess, with the most winning affability, commanded her to remain in her place, and again asked how she could be of service to her.

Rosa was obliged to pause—tears of joy gushed from her eyes. What! in the moment when hope itself was expiring, was she again rescued from despair—had she met in a second Countess, the angel of peace; and was she indeed, by the very means which oppressed her with terror, bid to ask favour from one whose high rank, but more, whose irresistible suavity of manner, nothing could withstand!

As these reflections passed in her mind, and as she gazed in speechless gratitude on that assemblage of expressive beauty which,
with

with a thousand smiles dimpling round the prettiest mouth in the world, waited her answer, she could scarce refrain from prostration—so divine, so ineffably good, did the terrestrial angel appear; and when again urged to speak, she actually did drop, kneeling at her feet.

The beautiful Countess laughed out, and condescended to hand her again to her chair; where, after some struggles between gratitude and sensibility, Rosa, after modestly enumerating the talents and abilities she had acquired, hoped her ladyship would allow that, with a persevering disposition, industry, and application, they would qualify her for the place of governess in a genteel family.

The lady promised her interest; but, in the mean time, she added, Lord Denningcourt wished her safe out of the power of Lord Lowder—how was that to be accomplished?

And was Lord Denningcourt so good! oh! what gratitude was his due—how should she thank him! This, Lady Gauntlet also took on herself; and, after weighing the sub-

ject very maturely, she was of opinion, that, under the sanction of her recommendation, to the people of the house, Rosa could be nowhere more free from insult than where she now was for that night; nor would any mode of travelling be more secure, and more free from danger and observation, than the stage: on the outside of which, between Lord Denningcourt and her ladyship, they would contrive to place a guard, on whose fidelity they might depend, who would also conduct Rosa to Mrs. Le Croix, the best creature in the world, with whom she might remain till Lady Gauntlet returned to town.

Nothing Rosa thought could be more wise, more delicate, or more cautious than this whole plan; she kissed the hand of her good genius with an energy of gratitude more eloquent than words, and heard her, with true thankfulness at parting, recommend her in the strongest terms to the care of landlord Sam, who, following her ladyship with bows and scrapes to the park gate, promised a hair of the young lady's head should not be hurt; and the instant he returned, waited
on

on Rosa to know if she would not please to want something for supper.

But, though the commands of a *ladyship* were too absolute for him to dispute, Sam had such a secret misgiving about the displeasure of the lord of the manor, that he heard with infinite pleasure, that the next morning at eight, his cares on that subject would end, by her departure. To facilitate this desirable event, he was up himself before sun rise, and summoned her an hour at least before it was necessary; when the breakfast was provided; for as he observed she eat neither dinner nor supper, it was, he said, to be hoped she had the better appetite for his good tea and nice toast; and, moreover, he would walk with her himself to farmer Brill's close, and see her safe in the stage.

For the fears and misgivings which suggested such extraordinary zeal and caution, Sam had a motive more gigantic than any thing that appertained to Rosa.

An incident of a still more perplexing nature had occurred in the arrival of a stranger, as unwelcome as unexpected, at Penry while

Rosa was at Mushroom Place, whither the stranger had also gone, and, as if brought to the village on the same errand, had also visited Dr. Croak, and, finally, been turned out of the White Horse by the secret order of Sir Solomon Mushroom, whose ire, being excited by this second impertinence, was denounced against the, in this respect, innocent landlord.

Rosa having paid her bills, that is to say, for dinner, tea, and supper, which she did *not*, and for the breakfast she did eat, rose to depart. Sam took her portmanteau, and again she passed the memorable bench at the door, where John and Shakespeare, with the addition of a decent potation of fine amber, had beguiled many a long summer day; but started back, as if a reptile had crossed her path, at sight of Lord Lowder's *gentleman*; but a stout groom, in the Gauntlet livery, passing at the same moment, telling another footman in a different livery, he was going outside the stage, by order of the Countess, to town, was such an indubitable earnest of the lady's protection, that her courage returned; she

she passed on—every hat taken off, and every knee bent, to the graceful figure, who was little suspected to be the Beggar, of whom every body in the village had heard.

They crossed the close, and approaching a stile next the road, observed a shabby-looking man sitting with his back towards them, with a book in his hand, and an oaken stick on his shoulder, run through the knot of a bundle tied up in a silk handkerchief.

Landlord Sam started back—Rosa involuntary did the same; and the groom, who kept their pace, followed their example.

“Cot so, Miss,” cried Sam, “I beg your pardon; yonder is the stile, where you will see the stages pass; but (laying down the portmanteau) I have left my keys in the bar, and must run back this moment.”

Rosa had no time to express her amazement before he was out of sight, and before the groom, respectfully taking off his hat, took up the portmanteau, and offered to carry it. Rosa thanked him; and a stage in that moment happening to be approaching, they hastened to meet it, and saw the mean-

looking, way-faring man, as he appeared, get into the coach.

The groom, who got first to the stile, hinted, that such a fellow was by no means a companion for the young lady, whose trunk he delivered, and had half persuaded the coachman to oblige him to ride on the out-side, when Rosa joined them, and no sooner saw that the poor man had a wooden leg, and concluded, by the yellow emaciated hand which rested on the door, while his face was turned towards the village, that he was in weak health, than she put an end to the nearly concluded oration, and seated herself in the coach with as much caution as if the finest and most delicate invalid lady had been her companion.

The door was closed, the groom mounted the coach-box; and thus, with bettered prospects, renovated hope, and a heart painfully divided between regret at for ever leaving what she considered as her native village, and anxious anticipation of her future destiny, Rosa was once more on her road to the metropolis.

CHAP. X.

History of a Wooden Leg.

THE morning was fine, and though the roads were strewn with autumnal leaves, the bosom of grateful nature seemed to expand, in all the vernal sweets of the departed season, to receive the warm rays of a bright sun, shining from a cloudless sky.

Rosa having placed herself in the position which she thought most accommodating to her fellow-traveller, had now, from a curve in the road, the full view of Mushroom Place, which "*the rich man, with a sordid soul,*" had crowded with guests who despised every thing about him but his wealth. She counted

counted eleven men sweeping and rolling the fine lawn after the sheep, which were constantly turned in for the night, in order to preserve the verdure; recollecting the magnificence of the internal of the house, and observing the beauty of the grounds and the surrounding landscape, she softly repeated,

“ Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed ;

“ Health to himself, and to his infants bread

“ The labourer bears : what his hard *heart* denies,

“ His charitable vanity supplies.

Scarce had she finished, when, from a voice half broken with sighs, tremulous from weakness, yet hoarse from excess of feeling, she heard,

“ Time hath a wallet at his back,

“ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion—

“ A great sized monster of ingratitude,

“ Whose scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured

“ As fast as they are made, forgotten as soon as done.”

and saw the right arm in full swing, the humid eye, sunk with sickness and dejection, the pallid, yet well-remembered face of her early friend,

friend, honest John Brown. Surprise rendered her speechless: she continued to gaze on him with an eagerness of affection, which was connected with a lively and painful remembrance of past scenes, while the back of his right hand was not drawn lightly across his eyes, to hide the tear which often, as he once thought, disgraced his manhood, but pressed against his cheek to receive the copious distillation of sorrow.

“Mr. Brown! is it Mr. Brown! is it possible!” said Rosa, unable to articulate another syllable.

Mr. Brown no longer wore the smart cocked hat and stiff cockade, which formerly, in martial pride, was placed on one side his neat, well-powdered head; nor was his tight figure set off either by the Colonel’s handsome livery, the military uniform of the army, or the plain drab of Landlord Brown;—an old blue coat, a black waistcoat, much too large, and a rusty hat, flapped before, and cocked into a sharp point behind, covering his undressed black hair, made an alteration so much to the disadvantage of his appearance, that

that, without the aid of his friend Shakespeare, he could not have been recognised even by the penetrating glance of affection.

John, with his eye still dwelling through his tears on Penry, heard himself named, but it was without any emotion of interest, surprise, or curiosity ; not even glancing at the person who spoke, he answered, with the good manners inherent to his nature, " At your service."

" And will you not speak to me, then ?" cried Rosa, recovering from astonishment into a transport of joy, " not look at—not know your little friend Rosa."

John turned full round, his lips quivered, he essayed to speak, deeply sighed, and sunk off the seat, insensible, at her feet. " Here now was a situation !" The coach was going on at a furious rate, and all Rosa's efforts to stop it would have been vain, as John's position prevented her calling from the window, had not the groom removed himself from the box to the roof, and unknowingly let a corner of his coat hang within her reach.

" I

"I told you," said he, helping to raise him, "this poor fellow was not fit to ride in the coach with the young lady."

"Fit!" repeated Rosa, "he is fit to ride with a prince—take care how you lift him."

John revived; and though too much affected to quote a line applicable to his own case, "Dear Miss Rosy!—yes, it is you," he cried; "you, who,

"So perfect and so peerless, are created

"Of every creature best.

They told me you was gone from this cursed village—yes, they said—but no matter what they said;—it is you—I have found you—but, alas, I have lost my master for ever!

"Ah! he was a gentleman—valiant, wise, well accomplished."

I hoped to find at least his grave; and so,

"————— like a drop of water,

"That in the ocean seeks another drop,"

I went away and left you, my dear Miss Rosy, and my poor wife, to

"Common friends, without faith or love;"

but

but you can tell me where my poor Betty is—for no tidings could I gain of her in yon hard-hearted village.”

Rosa wept in agony.

“Come, friend,” said the coachman, “as you are better, let us help you either into the coach or the basket—you see the lady can’t speak.”

“Ah!” replied John,

“————— her voice was ever sweet,

“Gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman.”

Yes, to be sure, I will go in the basket.”

“Indeed, Mr. Brown, you shall not,” said Rosa; “we will not again part so easily—you must ride with me, and tell me all that has happened—come, I insist—”

John put his hand to his hat first with an open palm, and then took it off, and stepping into the coach, said,

“Duty did never yet want his meed.”

The groom stared, and again resuming his seat on the top of the coach, it proceeded.

As

As no description can do justice to the feelings of the friends whom chance had sent to Penry on the same day in search after old connections, we simply inform the reader, that John Brown, after hearing Buchan's letter, was seized with an' irresistible and longing desire to ascertain either the death or existence of his beloved master. Buchan, it is true, said he saw him fall; but after the loss of one arm, it was most likely he was not in a condition to assist his master with the other; he might, John thought, have yet escaped death; but if he had fallen to rise no more—if his sacred remains had been left with common dust on unhallowed ground, that sad event was such a blow to the peace of the faithful and affectionate servant, whose self-reproach for not accompanying him struck at that moment like a dagger in his heart, that he instantly resolved to go to India, and traverse every foot of its burning soil, rather than live in doubt of the fate of his patron and friend.

Accordingly, without taking time for second thought, he darted from the presence
of

of Sir Solomon Mushroom, and though no speed could keep pace with his wishes, happening to meet a stage at the instant he gained the turnpike road, the shortness of the interval between his leaving the White Horse as Landlord Brown, and that in which he found himself under the hatches of an East India ship, which had compleated her lading, and only waited the compliment of soldiers she was to carry out, is almost incredible.

The ship was unfortunately bound to Fort St. George instead of Bengal, so that, in order to make the hasty undertaking answer its own purpose, poor John, who had always valued himself on a strict performance of his duty, had nothing for it but desertion.

In one of the vessels employed by the commander in chief to fetch rice, and, as some say, carry on a secret trade for private benefit, he, with great difficulty, got from Fort St. George; and after shifting from ship to ship, exposed to many dangers, in the course of eighteen months arrived at Calcutta, where he found he had no possible

possible chance of finding his master alive, and as little, of gratifying the faithful desire of his heart, by dropping the tears of dutiful attachment on his grave,—as the butchers of Tippo's army had paid no respect to persons, in removing the bodies of the slain from the field of battle.

Scarce had he pondered one moment on this grievous news, before he was taken up as a deserter, and sent to confinement, previous to his trial by court-martial;—not only the president, but several other members of the court mourned the fate of the unfortunate Colonel Buhanun, and remembered his faithful servant, whom grief had at that time rendered totally indifferent to the event of the trial.

The officers, one of whom was the Roscius of the theatre, who knew the integrity of his character, were astonished to find him charged with deserting his duty; and they called on him for his defence with a proportion of tenderness and anxiety, which awakened in him some of the latent sparks of that military pride, which shrinks from a loose or dishonourable act, and the spirit of Shakespeare animating

animating him as his eyes met the officer's, who was in his estimation the model of fine acting, he stood erect, and previous to the flourish of his right arm, had he not been shirtless, would have adjusted his chitterlin, as he began with a low bow,

“ Most potent, grave, and venerable signors,

“ My very noble, and approv'd good masters—

.

“ A heavier task could not have been impos'd

“ Than I to speak of my griefs, unspeakable ;

“ Yet, that the world may witness that my end

“ Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

“ I'll utter what my sorrows give me leave to speak.”

A whisper, not much to the credit of John's mental faculties, now went round, and the conclusion that he was out of his senses, disposed every heart to pity ; but he very soon convinced them that his madness had method, when he began to abuse himself for not accompanying so good a master, as it was, he said, his indispensable duty to do ; it was no longer the actor, but the man, who mingled tears with self-accusation. The court felt the generous motive, but discipline was of
such

such importance in that remote clime, it was impossible to acquit him, and he was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes; these were afterwards mitigated, first to two hundred, then to one, and before the punishment was inflicted, to fifty; but the first stroke was that which gave John more pain than a thousand—he was disgraced—justly disgraced.—He had, in his own opinion, neither done his duty as a soldier, nor a servant. From that hour, robbed of his own esteem, he lost all pride of appearance, and was afterwards so often punished for dirt and neglect of duty, that he became a nuisance, who was once a martinet. The thoughts of home, of his wife, and the beautiful girl to whom he was, in the most binding, sense guardian, did not contribute to his reformation, but on the contrary gave a zest to the arrack he greedily swallowed.

The actor captain, who was still his friend, employed him sometimes in little offices about the theatre; and as that was the only duty he could be depended on performing with sobriety, restored him to the Lord Mayors,

ors, fighting heroes, and walking Lords, which he had formerly filled with eclat. Happening, however, to be called to the theatre unexpectedly, when he was literally full of spirits, in his haste to obey orders, he fell through a trap door, and broke his leg. The state of his blood, and the heat of the climate, rendered immediate amputation absolutely necessary; against hope he recovered the accident, cured of his propensity to liquor, but in so weak a state as promised a speedy termination to his adventures.

As he was now no longer capable of serving in the army, or enacting a senator at the theatre, he was returned to England: and in hope of being received by his wife in his own village with joy, set out on foot to make the essay, with a few dollars collected for him at the theatre, in his pocket, and his wardrobe tied in a silk handkerchief, and hung on a stick across his shoulder.

The first place he stopped at in Penry, was the poor barbers, who were such friends to young Croak. Neither master nor mistress being at home, he ventured to ask some lead-

ing questions of a lad, to whom he was a stranger, respecting the state of affairs at the White Horse, and felt a pang little inferior to his first lash for desertion in India, when he was told that his wife was turned out of doors, her goods sold, and she obliged to go to service to the Miss at Dr. Croak's;—out of breath and heart, he stumped away to the doctor's.

Doctor Croak's prudence had even increased in the short space since Rosa's visit; he had now the penetration to discover a league between her and the man she had long considered as dead; and according to this conclusion, to give Mr. Brown any information respecting his wife, would be in effect, to tell Rosa where to find Elinor.

John prefaced his enquiries after his wife, by declaring he was

“As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.”

And he deserved to be so, Mrs. Bawsky said.

John, flourishing his arm, answered,

“go to your bosom,

“Knock there, and ask what it doth know.”

“ Go you about your business,” cried the doctor, in a rage.

“ Nay then,” answered John,

“ I will be master of what is mine own.”

“ Ah, to be sure,” replied Mrs. Bawlsky ;
“ and pray now, good Mr. Brown, what *is* yours ?”

“ Very little, indeed, madam,” answered John, mildly ; but

“ There are more things in heaven and earth

“ Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

“ Me dream of philosophy ! you have lost your senses as well as your leg, Mr. Brown.”

“ And you, madam,” retorted John, with unusual acrimony, “ have lost nothing ; even your pride continues to

—————“ Flow as hugely as the sea,

“ Till that the very means do ebb.”

The doctor’s fore place was touched ;—
“ the means ebb,” what could that allude to
but his unjust prodigality ; he had however
still

still *the means*, he proudly said, to turn a vagabond out of his house ; and the doctor rung the bell ; but, oh grief of griefs ! that bell which in the days of triumph could summon two or three attendants, was now only answered by a dirty maid servant, who could not execute her master's high behests ; so there stood the vagabond flourishing his right arm, as the doctor did his crutch.

“ Come, good Sir,” said he,

“ Let your reason with your choler question

“ What 'tis you go about ; to climb steep hills

“ Requires slow pace ; anger is like

“ A full hot house, who——”

“ None of your impertinent preachments,” cried Mrs. Bawsky, “ but tell us what you want, and get about your business.”

“ I have already told you I want my wife ;

“ Why should calamity be full of words ?

“ Windy attornies to their client's woes.”

Again the doctor felt himself insulted ;— nothing was so dreadful to him, at this moment, as the name of an attorney : but Mrs.

Bawsky took on herself to make the final answer : " His wife was not there, nor did she either know or care where she was,—she had left them a long while, and perhaps has taken another name before this ; and now he was answered, there was the door."

John, with a full heart, followed the direction of her pointing finger, and took his solitary way to the village. Some of the old inhabitants did, some did *not*, and others *would* not recollect him, as weary and disheartened, he approached the old White Horse ; where, seated on the bench of the door, he called for a pint of amber, and desired to speak with the landlord.

Never was astonishment equal to Sam's at the rumour which reached the White Horse before its old master, of his being alive and returned to Penry ; he hastened in the interim to Mushroom-place, to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to Sir Solomon Mushroom.

The lord of the manor, who was quietly taking his afternoon's nap, was ready to pour the heaviest vengeance on the head of his tenant, for presuming to rush into his retirement,

ment, when he had the happiness to be relieved from himself, had not his wrath been assuaged by the importance of the news.

Poor Sir Solomon! yes, though in possession of half a million we will dare to call him poor, thought all the powers of heaven and earth were combining to plague him; this was not the first *agreeable* surprize he had lately experienced; however, as John was returned little better than a beggar, he might be managed with more ease than some other of his torments. Softening his harsh features, he commended the zeal of landlord Sam, and dismissed him with orders by no means to suffer the scoundrel to lie about the White Horse.

Sam bowed, and promised to run every step to his house, in order to execute the commands of the Lord of the Manor; but happening to be invited into the servants' hall, where forty livery servants were drinking with as much zeal as their betters, he could not resist the invitation to join so happy a party.

Mean while poor John Brown occupied his old place on the bench, undisturbed by the officious welcomes which generally fatigue prosperous travellers on their return home. He had lost all his friends, his wife, and his home, but his memory was still unimpaired : he had another errand at Penry, which was to enquire after Rosa. Sir Solomon Mushroom was her guardian, and it was therefore most likely he should either find or hear of her at the Place : having therefore swallowed his amber, and deposited his bundle in the bar, away stumped John to Mushroom Place.

The knight, who possibly expected this visit, had just given previous orders ; and he was admitted in the very instant Rosa was supported back to the White Horse.

Sir Solomon Mushroom, whose taste was improved by an intercourse with the great world, was sitting on a crimson damask arm chair, in a superb library, where some hundreds of elegant bound books, never opened, were tastefully arranged, and the splendour of every thing about him had an effect, very gratifying

gratifying to his vanity on John, who awed and confounded, stood silent before him, with his hat hanging to his finger and thumb.

The knight coldly expressed his wonder at seeing him again; hoped he was come to pay the long standing debt owing to him; and added, if so, he was ready to deliver up his *no security*, the lease, and he dared to say the person in possession of the White Horse, would gladly give it up, as it was indeed not worth keeping.

John had not a word to throw at a dog.— He certainly knew that Sir Solomon Mushroom had lent his wife an hundred pounds: he remembered certain demands from different tradesmen; and he also had a faint recollection of divers debts due to himself, but the particulars were all a chaos; and against so point blank a demand of an acknowledged debt, he had not even a quotation from Shakespeare.

Something he 'mumbled in a low voice about Miss Rosy.

There again the suffering knight was deeply injured;—after costing him more than he could

reckon, that ungrateful girl had gone, no one knew whither, and never so much as written one word of acknowledgement to him for all he had done for her.

John was no longer dumb; he had witnessed the Colonel's will, whom he knew had made a large deposit in Sir Solomon's hand, and was certain the gifts he had himself received were accompanied by remittances for his master's avowed heiress; he hemm'd, cleared his voice, put his stump forward, and with the old flourish of his arm began,

—————" To lapse in fulness
" Is forer than to lie for need; and falsehood
" Is worse in kings than beggars."

Insolent! abominable! presumptuous! but he should be punished, yes, he should rot in a jail.

John continued,

—————" To be worst,
" The lowest, most dejected thing in fortune,
" Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
" The lamentable change is from best;
" The worst returns to laughter."

Therefore

Therefore the poor cripple did not fear boldly to assert the truth, and charge the great man with fraud and cruelty: nor did the great man hesitate one moment about giving directions to turn the insolent wretch, not only out of doors, but off his premises; at the same time ordering the beadle to be apprised of him, as of an ill-disposed wanderer.

Sam was still in the house, taking refreshments with the servants; and as he did not chuse to appear personally in it himself, he sent home orders to turn John and his bundle out of the White Horse.

Against the last act of barbarity the wooden legged hero's heart could not support itself; he struggled with a strong fellow the hostler, and two soldiers quartered in the house, as long as he had breath or strength; when, being overpowered, he burst into tears, and sobbed out as he stumped on, his arm robbed of all prowess, quietly hanging by his side,

“ Let me look back on thee, oh thou walk

“ That girdlest in those wolves—dive into the earth

’till

“ breathless

———"breathless wrong"

"Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,

"And purify indolence shall break his wind

"With fear and horrid flight."

As the evening was now advancing, poor John, sad and sorrowful, though not quite penniless, crept into the old barn, the former shelter of Rosa, where, quite exhausted with grief and weariness, he rested his jaded body till sun rise; deprived of that happy expectation which had the day before given him strength and beguiled the long way, he felt himself scarce able to drag his heartless trunk to the stile, where he had so eagerly taken the stage for London, in such different, tho' not less grievous circumstances, on hearing of the death of the colonel.

This relation, which he gave Rosa with the simplicity of truth and all pathos of genuine feeling, beguiled her of her tears, and she in return gave him the outlines of her story; but, with the reservation of every incident concerning the Montrevilles.

Sir Solomon's denial of any knowledge of her, and his charge of ingratitude, were in-

consistencies for which she could no other-wise account, than that he wished to keep her from the recollection of all who had formerly known her. John's conclusions were to the same point, strengthened by his positive and invariable idea, that though, as he told Rosa, he had power

“ To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

“ To throw a perfume on the violet,

“ To smooth the ice, and add another hue

“ Unto the rainbow,”

he certainly had also the mean wickedness to deprive an orphan of her right.

The accidental meeting of this poor, but faithful friend, was a second joyful acquisition to Rosa, and it seemed to her as if her fortune was wholly changing. The protection of Lady Gauntlet was an unexpected advantage, but the restoration of John Brown was a treasure in possession.

Before the coach reached town, John remarked, that as she was going to belong to grand folks, it would not be seemly for her to shew she was acquainted with a poor cripple
like

like him; he knew what sort of gentry the servants of great folks were, both in place and out—and God forbid he should disgrace her whom his dear Colonel so honoured.

Rosa, in the warmth of her own sentiments, would have opposed the arguments of honest John; but as they were like his principles, invincible in a right cause, and as she could not but be sensible of the importance to her future existence of every point of her conduct at this period, she acceded with reluctance to his arrangement, on condition he accepted half of the little stock of money her purse contained.

John in the same instant produced his canvass bag, with intention to share his dollars with her, because, as he said, it was meet and fitting she, who was so handsome and so tender, should want for nothing; whereas, he was an old, battered, miserable being, who had already bore hardships of all sorts, and, with the blessing of God, he was able and willing to bear as many more.

Rosa would not admit his having been borne down with misfortunes as a reason why
he

he should be exposed to more; nor that, maimed and sickly as he then was, he was a jot more fit to brave calamity than herself.

“Than you! God love your dear soul!” cried John,

“Accursed, and unquiet, and wrangling days,

“How many of you have mine eyes beheld!”

“but as for you,

“I would I had some flowers of the spring that might

“Become your time of day.”

Can you

“—— keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

“When mine is blanched with fear?”

no, he was hardened by endurance, and therefore fit to suffer.”

As London was now in sight, Rosa ended the friendly contest, by insisting on John's taking half her gold, and accepting half his dollars, as an earnest on both sides, that their stock should be joint and for their mutual benefit; to which John agreed, on the further condition, that, at every meeting, a fresh and equal division should take place. This
being

being acceded to on the part of Rosa, John repeated his assurance, that the great Sir Solomon, to whom, however, he confessed he was indebted, certainly defrauded her; the will he did not indeed see delivered into his hand, but he knew what part of the Colonel's fortune was in England, and how it was disposed of;—there were a few thousands in India stock, a few in the bank, besides what he left in Sir Solomon's hands; which, if no will could be produced, must all go to the heirs of the Major Buhanun, of whom she had spoken with such respect.

As Rosa always understood from the Major, that he was ignorant where that property lay, which the Colonel's dying actually, though not virtually intestate, left him heir to, she heard with unfeigned joy, the communications of John, and resolved to write to Dr. Cameron, to apprise him of the fortunate discovery; and though the experience she had of the principles of both Mrs. Buhanun and her husband, precluded every idea of their sharing any part of the unexpected wealth

wealth with her, yet she hoped to prevail on them, through the doctor, to make the old faithful domestic of their relation easy for life: in this hope it struck her, that the best way to make a forcible and lasting impression in his favour, would be to make him the bearer of the fortunate intelligence; she therefore proposed to him, without assigning any particular motive, that he should go to Scotland, and explain to the heirs of his late master, what he knew of his affairs.

In all John's impatience to go to India, though every thing else beside the object on which he was bent, seemed to be expelled from his thoughts, he had not forgotten the interest of the orphan so dear to the Colonel; and although he knew Sir Solomon Mushroom had the will, and could not suspect him of so base an act, for so vile and mean a purpose as retaining in his own hands a very few thousands, the property of another, while his own undisputed fortune was so immense, yet, when losing sight of English land, he reproached himself for risking so sacred a
deposit

deposit as the posthumous letters of his kind master, by carrying them with him into situations where their safety could not be a moment insured.

There was a simplicity about John's character that enforced belief: he told, what his officer thought, a strange, incoherent tale about the nature of the trust reposed in him; but he told it with so many symptoms of truth, that he got leave to send the letters inclosed in an envelope, addressed as before mentioned, with some packets of the captain's from Madeira: Recollecting this circumstance, and not doubting but the respect he had ever felt for the Colonel was the proper sentiment every other person would feel for so good and great a man, and that, consequently, to know his will, and to obey it, would be one and the same thing, he joyfully embraced Rosa's proposal; he could go, he said, round to Scotland by sea for little or nothing—for as he had been so often and so long on salt water, it would be hard if he could not work out his passage; but he would
first

first go to the India House, and make a few inquiries there, then he would next get a few tight clothes, that he might not disgrace his dear young lady when he waited on her for orders, and then he would set off for the north, under the banner of hope.

The flush of animation which overspread John's pallid countenance as he uttered the last word, arose from his generous and disinterested attachment to Rosa,—while she, who had not the smallest idea of advantage to herself, was equally elated in the hope of seeing him enjoy the comfortable subsistence he had so well earned, out of the fortune of his deceased master.

The stage, which inned in the city, stopped at the first coach-stand. Lady Gauntlet's servant appeared at the door, and said, his orders were to attend our heroine to Madame La Croix.

Rosa looked anxiously at John: she had heard from her new protectress that Madame La Croix was the best creature in the world; but where that best creature lived, was a

point on which she was totally ignorant; and as her old friend had absolutely fixed that she must not appear to know him in his present shabby plight, she could not well ask the servant for the address of the person to whom he was going to attend her.

John understood the language of the heart better than many of his superiors, and his countenance was so plain an index to his own, that she could not mistake the confidence with which he meant to bid her make herself easy, and leave every thing to him.

Stepping into the hack, she once more fixed her eyes on John, and could not restrain her tears,—while he, affecting to look out of the opposite window, gave a stout hern! and she was again separated from every being of whom she had knowledge, or for whom she had affection.

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